THE COMMONWEAL

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

The American Goose-Step 543
Week by Week 544
London and Rapidan 548
Ourselves and Others 549
The Senate Looks at Unemployment, I ..John A. Ryan 550
Will the Vatican Have a Bank? .....Riccardo Savini 552
Frost (*verse*) .....Anne Blackwell Payne 553
The Desert and the Sown .....Adam Day 554
Remembering Acquia .....Walter J. Nott 557
Down the Lolo Trail .....Cullen Brattain 559
Communications 561
The Play .....Richard Dana Skinner 564
Books .....Jerome G. Kerwin, James W. Lane, jr., Katherine Brégy, A. Longfellow Fiske, Harry McGuire, Paul Crowley, Albert R. Bandini, John F. McCormick, Edward A. Fitzpatrick 565

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THE AMERICAN GOOSE-STEP

WHILE we who are average citizens cannot test the soundness of every girder that supports the social structure in which we live, the right to judge the fitness and comfort of the whole is definitely ours. It is legitimate to ask whether effort is as well compensated as is ownership; if human existence manifests here the grain called "moral," inherent in reality as a whole; and whether we are restricted to "facts" as opposed to normal aspirations. During more than ten years the people of the United States have faced these queries optimistically. The vast majority of them scarcely reflected at all upon the three "incidents" proposed by Harry F. Ward as indicative of the trend of the nation's economic activity: "the growing bankruptcy of American agriculture with the consequent decay of rural life; the failure to raise the real wages of industrial workers to a saving or cultural level; and the inability to consume what can be produced while basic needs are still unmet." But during the past few months attention has been riveted upon these matters to a degree genuinely extraordinary when one bears in mind how recent a phenomenon Mr. Coolidge was.

Unemployment is more than a proof that intelligent engineering does not control the labor market. It is final and convincing evidence of urban industry's powerlessness to absorb successive migrations from rural life, and equally good testimony against the social usefulness of capital unification. As a problem unemployment has been studied by competent men from varied points of view, so that while the articles which Dr. Ryan is publishing in The Commonweal are a luminous appraisal of the situation, they do not uncover a new theme. What is baffling is the fact that no solution available within the framework of our industrial system offers hope for more than a temporary success. One of the finest papers Mr. Frank Tannenbaum ever wrote was devoted to a consideration of "economic insecurity" as the motive which impelled most men to relative selfishness. And since this was written, "insecurity" has been multiplied in several important ways: by mergers which have laid off hundreds of competent executives, not to speak of more humble working folk; by the reduction of the age limit at which labor is adjudged competent; by the application of new technical discoveries; and by the continuing failure of agriculture to withstand the strain of depression.

Has the time not come, therefore, to consider

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whether a national outlook which favors rather than offsets these developments may stand in need of correction? It is hard, in this day and age, to take the tariff very seriously. The argument favoring some measure of protection for manufacturing enterprise follows so naturally from our prevalent basic economic assumptions that it can hardly be challenged without contravening these. And yet a system of customs levying which invites such an attack as Senator Borah addressed to his brethren of the Senate is profoundly wobbly somewhere. If only a little more than 3 percent of the manufactured articles we purchase come from abroad, then we are really living under an "embargo," and there is little need for doing anything further. But to how great an extent are the profits reaped under this system socially legitimate? Do they militate seriously against the buying power of large numbers to whom some increase in that power is vitally necessary? At all events, one feels that Senator Borah's speech has once more made a subject for conversation out of the implications of the tariff—and that ultimately the stability of Republicanism may depend upon what attitude it decides to take.

By comparison, the manifesto issued by the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, an amalgamation of public utilities which is controlled by J. P. Morgan and Company, is a genuine indication that business executives of the highest character remain deeply conscious of social obligations. The point at issue has been control of the power and navigation resources of the Saint Lawrence River. Feeling that so powerful a merger could endanger the interests of New York state, Governor Roosevelt issued a statement in which the rights of the commonwealth were affirmed and the purposes of the Corporation challenged. The reply indicates that the new owners intend to deal openly and squarely with the public, discountenancing all tunneling and dodging. They maintain that equalization and lowering of existing rates will prove the economic rightness of the new merger. One concludes that if American business generally were sincerely governed by such a policy, the scramble for new tariff schedules and public utility valuations would have become a totally different story. There is implied here the well-known sincerity with which some financial and industrial leaders have faced their responsibilities.

But the truth that such sincerity is not yet characteristic of our economic activities as a whole makes one radically distrustful of the current trend to monopoly. Never in all history was financial power so compactly organized, or so efficiently locked in what may be termed a credit goose-step. On the other hand, the process of welding labor together is impaired by numerous slipshod concessions to influence. The farmer and the small merchant have not yet proved themselves masters of coöperative method. And the willingness of all to respect the higher unity of the moral and civic law seems to be decreasing even while the imperative need for it is more manifest. We need to measure the walls of our social house anew. We need to plan for the future. Above all, we need to be ready for a shock, when that comes. As is usual in such instances, collapse is likely to be made impressive by the pressure of economic sacrifice and curtailment it would involve. But then we should certainly become aware that the processes of undermining, or of decay, had been evident in a score of moral fissures too small and too little troublesome to worry about. It has been written that man shall be unconscious of the evil he does until it has been visited upon his head.

WEEK BY WEEK

SO MUCH has been written by way of summary regarding Mr. William B. Shearer that one more morsel may be added without apology. While we do not entirely agree with the Foreign Policy Association in holding that "he has probably done more for the cause of disarmament than all the organized pacifist efforts," we cannot help feeling that the nation is deeply indebted to him. He has demonstrated, to begin with, how superficial are the contacts between man and man. Though he was confessedly in the employ of great ship-building firms as a "reporter," his job dwindled into a mere microscopic nothing the moment he was labeled a "propagandist." While the disarmament conference was in progress at Geneva, he wrote articles which did so much to evoke pessimism and opposition that the British government entered an official protest; but the officers of the navy apparently did not even realize that a mortal named Shearer was on the globe. In order that the National Security League might be appropriately entertained, he delivered several addresses—to help out, the several committees being so favorably impressed by his good intentions that they permitted the poor fellow to have his say. We do not scorn a naval officer who wants a first-class fleet. There are reasons why a ship-building corporation should enjoy a contract or two. The National Security League is not all hot air. But they all made one blunder in tying up with Mr. Shearer and another in ridding themselves of him so clumsily. The pacifist spellbinders are sometimes woful cranks with a notion that the world consists of taffy. So far, however, they have avoided the blunder of mistakenly identifying themselves as candidates for big bank accounts.

Mr. Shearer's Connections

THOUGH optimism goes with the job of being president of the National Association of Manufacturers, Mr. John E. Edgerton's recent comment upon the southern industrial situation is nevertheless sober and sensible. Holding that the rapid change from rural to factory life is accountable for much of the trouble, Mr. Edgerton reported that a letter urging manufacturers to accept as a duty the

Manufacturers and the South

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task of humanizing the employment they offer had elicited a "most gratifying" response. He holds that cheap labor is not an important factor in the development of industrial Dixie. Proximity to raw materials, the availability of hydroelectric power and improved transportation facilities are responsible for the sound progress achieved. The low wage level should be traced, he avers, to the high premium exacted for capital investments in the South; and assuredly this factor is genuinely important. But one wonders if, as he made his comment upon the human equation involved, Mr. Edgerton bore in mind his address of a year ago, in which the superiority of native stock as a bulwark of our national institutions was set forth with some intransigence. Doubtless he might well amend it, at the present moment, with a few reflections upon the circumstances that a rapid change to industrial life influences human beings in pretty much the same way, regardless of whether they hail from Hungary or the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Seating Mr. Vare

THE Philadelphia primary recently was decisive proof that Mr. Vare continues as the political boss of Pennsylvania. But it proves nothing else, and it is a particularly unreliable basis for predicting that he will be seated when the Senate takes up the subject of his admission at the regular session in December. It is being said in many quarters that the reaffirmation of Mr. Vare's popularity in Pennsylvania will encourage his friends in the Senate, and prompt his enemies to keep their peace. But the Senate demonstrated in the case of Mr. Smith of Illinois that it does not listen to the argument that a state has a right to the Senator whom it elects, and in whom it reasserts confidence, regardless of the imputations of rascality which surround his name. Further, many Republican Senators have found it advantageous to oppose the seating of men who have spent large sums in their campaigns. The Democrats, certainly, are not to be won over by what can be to them only another proof of the incorrigibility of Pennsylvania. What, if anything, will seat Mr. Vare will not be his power in the homeland, but the gratitude of the administration for the act which assured the nomination of Mr. Hoover at Kansas City. And as the President has shown before this that he will not have his administration bound by preëlection obligations, that gratitude may not be so bountiful as Mr. Vare expects.

For Mayor of New York

THERE are no indications of a developing interest as the campaign for the mayoralty of New York progresses. And this despite the candidacy of Mr. La Guardia, who has not heretofore failed to arouse excitement in whatever lists he appeared. His difficulty seems to be in finding an opponent. Mr. Walker, of course, is seeking reëlection, but Mr. Walker so far has not taken the congressman seriously. In the past few weeks, Mr. La Guardia has performed most doughtily on many platforms, but no amount of rhetoric, however ardent, has been able to impress Mr. Walker with the possibility that the Democratic nomination may not be the equivalent of election. Of course Mr. Norman Thomas has been a not inactive candidate, but the fact that the Socialists polled only 3 percent of the New York City vote in the presidential elections last fall does not make him a formidable opponent. He is likely to be honored with a larger percentage than that in his present candidacy, partly because neither Republicans nor Democrats will go to the polls in such numbers as last fall, and partly because of an increasing friendliness for Mr. Thomas himself. He is easily the most interesting personality in the field, but he has no more chance of success than Mr. Dan O'Brien, king of the hoboes, who campaigns on a platform which proposes to settle the subway quarrels by abolishing fares altogether, and to solve the crime problem by establishing a municipal commissary with a cuisine presided over by Oscar of the Waldorf.

It Speaks a Various Language

SINCE the passing of the national prohibition law, the annual per capita consumption of alcohol has about doubled; crimes of violence have increased; the official figures for arrests for drunkenness have climbed yearly, the additions showing mainly in the two categories "women" and "young persons"; large numbers of working people are undermined morally and physically by drinking the undiluted spirits which are the principal commodity dispensed by bootleggers; the average of community health has been lowered "by increased records of chronic drunkenness, delirium cases and alcoholic insanity"; a considerable section of the population have given up reputable occupations to work as distributing agents in "the vastly more lucrative liquor trade"; among the privileged classes, to whom dining is both an occupation and an art, the law is commonly and elaborately broken, but is held to be "like religion, a very good thing for the masses"; a government commission, after a searching investigation, returned a general report embodying a set of unmitigatedly depressing statistics, and supplemented by two independent personal reports, of which the following statements are typical: "Apparently we have a long, hard way before us before we reach the condition of temperance existing before the war. . . . The misuse of medical prescriptions has turned out to be an unprecedented scandal. . . . The application of the law disregards the moral standards of criminal law in general."

SENTENCES like the foregoing have been so long and so painfully familiar that it needs a moment of adjustment for us to take in the fact that they actually apply, in this case, not to us, but to Finland. That country has had the benefit of being bone dry since

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1917, and according to Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr, in the September issue of Harper's Magazine, it has now reached a pitch of noble experimentation which ought to make any stray American feel entirely at home there. Such a tourist might miss the touches of savagery by which the United States has made prohibition piquant and unforgettable, since no Finn, to date, has been imprisoned for life or shot to death in its name. But that is the only difference. Even the situation of our California grape-growers being aided by the Federal Farm Board is paralleled in Alice-in-Wonderlandishness by the situation of the Finnish bootlegging ships: they escape the search stipulated by treaty with Germany and Poland (the two nations of prime supply) by flying the flag of "that conspicuous maritime power, Czecho-Slovakia." Seriously, is there not material for deep and disturbed thought here? The optimists among our Volsteadians have spoken of our size, our heterogeneity, our "foreign element" (meaning our Latins and Slavs) as factors working to postpone the far-off divine event of complete enforcement. Finland is small, homogeneous and full of sober, law-loving Nordics—or Nordics who were sober and law-loving twelve years ago. Is it not possible that there may be something wrong with trying to create crime by mandate? That, when the Catholic Church talks about "the natural law," it is talking about a real moral entity, and one opposed to the well-intended but disastrous piece of fanaticism which has degraded both Finland's society and our own?

ATTRIBUTING to our very unusual prosperity the general apathy toward incompetence in government, some prophets have been known to pray for hard times in order to bring the nation to a sense of the indignity of tolerating the presence of the wasteful and the corrupt in official places. We should like to call their attention to the present situation in Cook County and in Chicago. Both city and county have gone broke in a very definite way. The city's deficit for 1929 is almost fifteen millions, the county's is about half that. At the present writing, no one knows when 4,000 employees of the county building, who have been waiting for their checks since September 15, will be paid. To eliminate the deficit and remain within the estimated revenues next year, it has been suggested that 25 percent of the county forces be dismissed, and 32 percent of the city employees, which would mean the loss of 800 firemen and 2,000 police to Chicago. No one, of course, feels especially sympathetic. We have heard so much of bad government in Chicago, and seen so little indication of a willingness to exchange it for something else, that the city has come everywhere to be associated with stupidity, and with a very arrogant sort of satisfaction. We suppose that it is satisfied enough with the present state of affairs. Indeed if the municipal authorities do not lose out at the next elections, government by the unscrupulous and inept will have received only its expected endorsement.

Down and Out Chicago

THE most recent copy of Information Service, the bulletin issued weekly under the auspices of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, affords a useful summary of editorial opinion in agricultural journals. It is interesting to observe a considerable difference of attitude toward such things as the tariff and the recent Agricultural Marketing Act, and the relative homogeneity of the views concerning matters of general policy. Many papers see basic significance in the statement made ten years ago by Henry C. Wallace: "We are approaching the time when we must determine whether we shall strive for a well-rounded, self-sustaining national life, in which there shall be a fair balance between industry and agriculture, or whether, as have so many nations in the past, we shall sacrifice our agriculture for the building of cities." The average editor seems to feel that recent relief legislation is a start toward this "fair balance," but not a few are frankly dissatisfied. There is similar lack of harmony anent the tariff and technical advancement. One idea, however, has made a hit in practically every sanctum—the notion that the farmer and his family (especially his wife) ought to take an annual outing. It would seem that rural family tours to national and state parks are growing more frequent, and that the resultant benefit is notable. Who can forget that the farmer's difficulties are not all economic? On an average he is not pressed harder for the rent than city folk are, but he does suffer from chronic isolation. When we get a new crop of plantation songs, optimism about agriculture will be in order.

What the Farmer Thinks

SALAMINE, a new opera, is now all the vogue in Paris. The music, which is distinguished by considerable novelty, enshrines a version of Aeschylus's The Persians. If we may trust competent critics, the French may legitimately rejoice in an opera which reminds them not a little of the triumph of Debussy. What interests a distant spectator particularly is the character of the composer. Maurice Emmanuel has, as a matter of fact, long been a professor of the history of music at the Conservatoire. And who would expect a professor to accomplish anything creative? The prejudice seems to have been so strong in this instance that Emmanuel's distinctive work in other music forms was long neglected. He remained, to say the least, a quite uncompromising savant. After having written learned treatises on Greek and mediaeval music, he brought out a vast Histoire de la Langue Musicale and became one of the leading theorists in the field of Gregorian lore. All this is enough to make anybody sit up and take notice, but the end is not yet. Emmanuel is said to have been so much an innovator that he had to wait an uncon-

Paris Goes to a New Opera

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scionably long time for musical taste to catch up with him. We recommend these assertions to all who have, in one fashion or another, attributed genius to themselves on the ground that never at any moment had they been caught in a professorial pose.

At the Schola Cantorum

WE HAVE said previously that the development of the Schola Cantorum at the Catholic University of America must be listed among cultural events of primary importance. Now the rector announces that a foremost European authority, Dom Sablayrolles of Solesmes, has been appointed professor of Gregorian chant. It would have been difficult to secure a more illustrious man. He has been an active missioner of progress in ecclesiastical music, has taught the chant to many dioceses in France and Spain, and has directed various congresses of sacred music. Singularly enough, none of these successes appear to have elicited the enthusiasm provoked by his labors in Geneva, to which city the Gregorian melodies seemed marvelously new and entrancing. Dom Sablayrolles has also been active as a research scholar. To him we owe the discovery, in Spanish archives, of numerous beautiful old manuscripts, the rhythms inscribed upon which have contributed greatly to our knowledge of the Church's song treasure. We believe that the Catholic University has, through this acquisition of a distinguished leader, paved the way for secure future advancement. Nor is this the only fruit which the work of Mrs. Justine Ward may be expected to bear. Hundreds of choir leaders and organists throughout the United States may be expected to avail themselves of the guidance thus generously offered. Doubtless the seeds of a Catholic music revival have been sown, and sown exceedingly well.

Mrs. Gann and Michael

THE advance rumblings of the social storm which seems due to break in Washington when Premier MacDonald visits there, are matched or countered in a very satisfying way by the latest news of young King Michael of Roumania. It is probably important to settle whether, when the famous Labor leader and son of the plain people sits down to eat in the national capital of the great republic of the West, Mrs. Gann, the Vice-President's sister, shall be seated above or below Mrs. Stimson, the Secretary of State's wife. But those of us who miss the palpitating significance of this issue, and who perhaps had our fill of the whole question in the post-election stories last year, will read of Michael's goings-on with positive relief. Michael, it appears, was made the central pupil of a select little school at the royal palace in Bucharest. His first reaction, when thus inducted into the society of others of his age and kind, was to hit them. They hit back, and the school was discontinued. Sad as it is that a little king should fail in the principle of noblesse oblige, it redresses with ironic justice the ludicrous situation in Washington. When the representatives of the world's greatest democracy fall out among themselves over prerogatives and distinctions that originated among duchesses and queens when duchesses and queens were a real part of an operating social philosophy, it is but right that one of the few remaining kings should act like a little hoodlum. We wish Michael better manners in time, but we thank him for showing, just at this crisis, how common is the common denominator of mankind.

Good News for Little Children

HEARING that the Reverend F. H. Drinkwater, indefatigable English searcher after better educational methods, has won his case for a new way of religious teaching, we shall herewith purr as contentedly as any kitten. Anybody who has ever patiently considered the atrocious way in which spiritual pellets have been stuffed down the throats of children, who has beheld them taught in a fashion against which even an upright jackdaw would rebel, must enumerate the triumph of Father Drinkwater among the great reforms of the age—on a par, in fact, with the discovery of anaesthetics and the Kellogg treaties. So far, of course, the battle has been completely won only in the diocese of Birmingham. But partial progress has been made in so many places both in England and America that, once the excellence of the new plan is known, it must prove as contagious as other first-rate habits. To begin with, the child is taught how to pray and how to grasp with its imagination the great historic truths of the Christian faith. The story method is, indeed, used almost exclusively with children younger than eight, and all appeals to morbid moral terror are excluded. After that will come initiation into the meaning of the Mass, preparation for the right reception of the sacraments, and the formation of liturgical habits. After the age of eleven, the child is to be taught the catechism, with rote memory pushed back into the subordinate position to which, in all justice, it ought to be chained for the common good. It is, we add, quite as satisfactory to note the educational progress being made by England as it is salutary to hope for a vigorous broadcasting of that progress.

Protection for the Strong

THE football coaches have agreed to prohibit the defensive team from running back a fumbled ball, and to justify this new rule they assert that it removes one element of luck from the game, making it a little more certain that the stronger team will win. For the same reason, some of them would like to restrict further the uses of the forward pass, and others to score one point for each first down. We quarrel with the new rule because it removes part of the punishment for error. A fumble is a mistake; in any game one should be in a position to take full advantage of the mistakes of his opponent, and in foot-

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ball full advantage means running for a touchdown. With the attitude behind it we are equally out of sympathy, for it assumes that the world at large shares with those who take football critically and professionally a deep interest in seeing the stronger team win. Quite the opposite is true. One of the things which makes heaven so desirable a place is that the last shall be first and the first shall be last, while a glimpse of that divine ordering is given to men on earth whenever the weak rise up to slay the mighty, and the humble layeth low the proud.

New York in October

MANHATTAN'S choicest month is upon her—the one brief season which quiets the heart of the city dweller and makes him glad to stay where he is. When the cold really breaks, he will see Palm Beach or California, if not in actuality then in ardent fancy. When spring troubles the world, he thinks of Pinehurst and Bermuda, and frequently goes there. Summer takes him to Maine or Canada. But October brings him home without repining. October weather in New York may be called quintessential weather. It is weather in itself, Platonic weather, practically, unaided by any of the props which make the rural pageant so triumphant: as, carpets of leaves, fields of goldenrod, bonfires, vistas of russet and gold. It is weather that bears the same relation to weathers elsewhere as music does to the coarser arts. It invades the city in a tide of mild light and divine crystal air; and though the leaves in the park shrivel unregarded and the autumn moon above us shines unseen, the city is paradise enow. We were moved to speak hard words, some time back, of the May that was allotted to us this year. We hereby declare that account closed. Come, long sought!

Canals

GOVERNOR Roosevelt of New York, after a trip of inspection, recently issued a half-hearted endorsement of that dream of New Yorkers, the modernization of the Erie Canal. This would provide an all-American waterway between Great Lakes ports and the sea, and assure to New York City the grain shipping which has made Montreal such a prosperous export centre. At least this is what the proponents of the plan believe. But the modernization proposition is so colossally expensive that the construction of a new canal would involve a smaller outlay. Ex-Governor Smith, when he soft-pedaled the issue between an all-American waterway and a Canadian one, must have realized the situation. If the question were one of national pride then, obviously, the Middle-West would wish their products to be routed through American ports; but, unhappily for those jealous of the prerogatives of New York City, the grain shippers consider finance first and metropolitan prestige second. And when the matter is referred to the taxpayer, he may cast his vote with an eye to his purse.

LONDON AND RAPIDAN

MR. MACDONALD, a very honest man, would make a poor poker player. Not unamusing would be a record of the various moods in which the British Prime Minister has delivered himself on the subject of a naval agreement with the United States. Throughout the larger part of the summer he was as enthusiastic as an editor, much too enthusiastic for a statesman, and it was prophetic to observe how his attitude contrasted with that of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Stimson. Not a statement of his was allowed to pass without a word from Washington to show that the United States was not officially so ready as he to regard the negotiations as successful. And these tactics gradually had their effect on him. He became cautious, wary. And perhaps the response to Mr. Snowden's stand for the rights of dear old Britain had its influence, too. At any rate, from a white-haired evangel of the peace he has become the watch-dog of British security.

There is, of course, another and a most important reason. He has run into continental opposition which was certainly unexpected. Both France and Italy insist upon regarding the Anglo-American accord with suspicion; even in conservative newspapers it has been interpreted not as a pacific move, but as a hostile one, not as the end of arms for aggression, but as the beginning of a military alliance which would combine the greatest fleets in the world. Both are suddenly dissatisfied with their capital ship ratio of 1.75, and both are wrangling over cruisers. With tonnage and gun calibre restricted, they are concentrating on speed; France has just launched the fastest 10,000-tonners in the world, and Italy plans to better them. Neither will follow the lead of England and America for abolishing the submarine, and in this they are supported by Japan. Japan, too, hints of increasing her capital ship ratio to 3.5. Australia, in consequence, is alarmed. Mr. MacDonald may repeat as often as he wishes that his country will not build against the United States, and he will cause no great uneasiness in England by so doing, but he has every Britisher's alertness for signs of hostility on the continent and in the Pacific.

The obvious question is why this should be, when all nations have so recently affirmed their faith in the Kellogg pact. Where is the expectancy of peace? It is only too apparent that, for the present, fidelity to the pact is obscured by the most violent of suspicions. However unreasonable they are, one thing which will not quiet them now is an agreement between the United States and Great Britain. We can only wait for the general conference, tentatively scheduled for January, and hope.

It is really tragic for everyone that the MacDonald-Dawes-Hoover conferences should not have been received more cordially upon the continent. Much has already been accomplished: England plans on fifty instead of seventy cruisers; the United States is ready to

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reduce her total tonnage from 305,000 to 285,000 tons. More important still is acknowledgment of the principle of parity, which means the end of competition, and the elimination, thereby, of one source of friction. But no abiding agreement can be reached unless there is some assurance that the rest of the world will conform to it. Perhaps it was impolitic to have gone into these matters privately instead of in a general conference, thereby arousing suspicions which, however ridiculous, will impair the worth of any lasting work we may hope to accomplish.

OURSELVES AND OTHERS

DURING several years phenomena of intolerance and efforts to achieve spiritual generosity have alternated quickly, like traffic lights; and it is still nearly impossible to tell which way the United States is going. Secretly or otherwise, the American is always ashamed of injustice. His cultural history is a perpetual emphasis upon magnanimity though it is also a catalogue of varied meannesses. No doubt one cause of recent forms of clannishness was the bad "tolerance formula" of a generation ago. The conception that our people should be formed in one democratic mold by the same set of "nationalizing influences" was more than facts could stand for. Almost immediately everybody who had a reason for being different hastened to erect barriers of defense. It should have been understood from the beginning that human beings will insist upon being groups and that the real distinction of democracy lies in its wish that no group be comprised of slaves. Why not admit the rightness of diversity therefore, and stake out the proper boundaries of individuality?

This question, or something like it, has governed the discussion of religious differences held under the auspices of a number of groups. Sometimes, as in the well-known Fairfield experiment, Protestants have met to test their attitude toward Catholics. Or Catholics have met to discern whether their ideas regarding the world outside the Church were based upon the requisite charity and understanding. Again, the more ambitious National Conference of Jews and Christians has invited men to consider together some of the more baffling problems of tolerance. Nobody expected that these activities would result in a wholesale suppression of what is termed "bigotry," but is nearly always a logical reaction to impressions superficial in character and crude of outline. It has not even been claimed that one could report, after a conference, that so and so many "cases of intolerance" had been cured. The sponsors of the idea were merely working in what seems the only practical fashion to spread the habit of sizing up other people fairly.

We know of no other good recipe for spreading that habit. Some form of adult education is essential, and open discussion is the best method of adult education. Example is the most telling of influences, and so the spectacle of men openly voicing their grievances and misapprehensions for debate ought to prove valuable. The only difficulty is this: to be socially effective, the conference method must be employed almost constantly. And unless the auspices are right, the floor will go to a trouble-maker—to a man interested not in seeing whether he has "got the other fellow right" but in proving that he can make the rest of men angry. Accordingly, there is a demand for the right locale, for adequately trained discussion leaders, and for truly representative audiences. Granted these things, discussion of religious differences generally leaves the participants thoroughly satisfied with their own positions, but quite convinced that these must include fairness and accuracy of judgment.

It is therefore a pleasure to notice that the Calvert Round Table, of Boston, will conduct a seminar concerning the relations between Catholics, Jews and Protestants. The place of meeting is Harvard University, the dates are November 12 and 13, and the discussion outline is virtually the same as that followed at a conference held at Columbia University last year. There are immediate as well as specific reasons for calling such a meeting. Though Massachusetts has been commendably free of major conflicts between the groups, intelligent people realize that the situation may change for the worse almost instantly. The desecration of Catholic graves in Salem reported on the very day that the Massachusetts May Tercentenary began, is a significant omen. It is only too probable that the names and motives of the perpetrators will never be known. But the fury which was here loosed upon the final resting places of priests and nuns, which tore down monuments and smashed crosses, is almost more of a blight upon the fine old town than the memory of witchcraft trials. One need only say that Hawthorne who studied the evil of which his folk are capable would never have imagined such a crime as this. Possibly Salem and neighboring towns have been harboring a real grudge, not so much against Catholics as against newly arrived racial groups as yet incapable of adjustment to conditions. But that is no excuse for an attack upon the dead.

To prove that Boston is eager to bring about an era when such deeds shall be impossible may well be one reason for calling the Calvert conference. Harvard is a background against which proponents of charity can speak hopefully, knowing as they do both the authority of the institution and the candor of its mind. We believe, however, that true significance of the coming meeting lies in the workaday hope that it may prove simply another one in a long series of such conferences held throughout the country. Should it ever become possible to enlist 100,000 people in this discussion, the movement for true tolerance in our country will be supported by an intelligent group all the more powerful for not having been specifically organized. Nothing is better calculated than such an experience to rivet attention upon what is certainly the most serious and baffling of our cultural problems.

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THE SENATE LOOKS AT UNEMPLOYMENT

I. IMPORTANT FACTS WHICH IT CLEARLY SAW

By JOHN A. RYAN

When a Senate committee gathered information concerning unemployment in the United States, it focused public attention upon a grave problem. Father Ryan has written for The Commonweal a series of papers outlining the evidence at hand, examining the remedial proposals which have been advanced, and suggesting the relations which must exist between a general economic condition and employment. The first article stresses the important facts which have become clear. Father Ryan speaks with authority, even if his conclusions must be accepted as his own rather than those of the editors.—The Editors.

DURING the early months of 1928 the considerable increase in the number of idle working-men occasioned a pretty widespread discussion of unemployment. Several debates about it took place in the United States Senate. The number of unemployed was put at 4,000,000 by Senator Wagner and others, while the protagonists of Republican prosperity asserted that this estimate was at least 100 percent too high. Some of the latter cleverly misrepresented a statement given to the Senate by the Commissioner of Labor's statistics. According to the Commissioner, the number of persons at work in 1928 was 1,874,000 less than in 1925. By the official exponents of prosperity this was set forth as the total number of the unemployed. Such use of the Commissioner's statement could be justified only on the assumption that in 1925 there was absolutely no unemployment, an assumption which was not frankly made by any of Senator Wagner's opponents.

The practical outcome of the Senate discussion was a resolution adopted May 3, 1928, providing for "an analysis and appraisal of reports on unemployment and systems for prevention and relief thereof." In conformity with this resolution, the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, under the chairmanship of Mr. Couzens, held twelve hearings in the months of December, 1928, and January and February, 1929. Business men, industrial engineers, personnel managers, college professors and government officials were heard at length. On March 1, 1929, the Committee made its report, which has since been published by the Government Printing Office in a volume of 530 octavo pages, entitled Unemployment in the United States.

In addition to a transcript of the testimony referred to above, the report presents several interesting and important memoranda describing legislation against unemployment in foreign countries, proposed legislation in the United States and provisions obtaining in several American industries for unemployment insurance. There is also a long summary of the testimony at the end of the volume by Dr. Isador Lubin, and thirteen pages of comment at the beginning by the Senate Committee.

These preliminary pages will naturally attract more attention than any other part of the report, since they embody the conclusions reached by the men who conducted the hearings. The most definite recommendation made by the Committee is that the Bureau of the Census should make a count of the number of the unemployed when it takes the decennial census of 1930. This suggestion has already been adopted by the Bureau, and we are now assured for the first time of fairly accurate knowledge concerning the number of wage-earners out of employment.

Less confident and clear-cut is the language of the Committee concerning employment exchanges. However, it does declare that "efficient public exchanges should replace private exchanges," that the United States Employment Service should be reorganized sufficiently to supervise and coördinate the operations of exchanges conducted by the states and municipalities. What the Committee says about the United States Employment Service recalls a statement in the Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction: "It is the obvious duty of Congress to continue and strengthen this important institution." Unfortunately, Congress did not recognize this duty in the months following the war. As a matter of fact, it almost crippled the Federal Employment Service. Now one of its own committees realizes that this course was unwise. On the other hand, the limitations of public employment exchanges ought to be kept steadily in mind. They can do no more than decrease slightly the volume of unemployment. Very few employers are compelled, even in these days of so-called prosperity, to cease or even greatly to curtail their business activities because of inability to find employees promptly. There are too many other ways of making their wants known. And obviously employment bureaus cannot increase the number of jobs. What they can do is to reduce the cost and trouble of finding employment and employees, and enable both employer and employee sometimes to make better and more intelligent selections.

In the third place, the Committee recommends at some length stabilization of seasonal employment, quoting the estimate by Sam Lewisohn that the saving possible in this field amounts to $2,000,000,000 annually. Several of the witnesses at the hearings described the success which had attended their efforts to regularize their own businesses. The best-known illustrations of seasonal industries are the building and clothing trades. "Stabilization" describes the process of reducing the number of those employed and the amount of production during the busy season of the year, and increas-

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ing both during the dull season. Undoubtedly this arrangement is superior in many respects to unbalanced seasonal operation, but its benefits can easily be exaggerated. It does not, except possibly indirectly, increase the total of employment in any industry. All that it does is to distribute the amount of employment and production more evenly throughout the year. Indeed, it reduces the total number of persons who find some employment in the industry, inasmuch as it lessens the demand for labor during the so-called "peak" or busy season. Of course this disadvantage to a small number of part-time workers is more than offset by the benefits of that more steady employment which the arrangement brings to the majority. Steadier operation of the plant likewise benefits the employer, since it reduces operating costs. In the words of Henry S. Dennison before the Committee:

> It is very expensive for management to run a plant full time for eight months and slack time for four, or partly for ten and not at all for two, as a good many do, for when a plant is shut down overhead expenses continue to go on.

If the employer should pass on these gains to the consumer in the form of lower prices, he could increase somewhat the demand for his product and therefore the number of persons employed. However, none of the exponents of stabilization that appeared before the Committee mentioned this possible outcome.

The "prosperity reserve" likewise receives strong endorsement from the Committee. This is a recently invented bit of jargon to describe the proposal of concentrating and increasing public works in a time of industrial depression. Undoubtedly, it would counteract considerably the forces making for depression if it were carefully organized and carried out in sufficient volume. The administrative difficulties are, however, very considerable. As commonly set forth, the scheme implies not only an increase of public works in dull times but a slackening of them in very busy times. How are the legislators and other public officials to determine when prosperity is so great as to justify a retrenchment of public expenditures for roads, buildings, et cetera? For several years now we have had loud and positive and authoritative assurances that we are in the midst of great prosperity. Suppose Congress should decide next winter to withhold all appropriations for new federal projects, and suppose that the states, counties, cities and towns should adopt the same policy. The net effect upon employment would be grave indeed, for the vast majority of public employees thus displaced would not be able to find work in private industries. Only when the public authorities are preventing private employers from obtaining men and materials which they urgently need would the slackening of public works be attended by no diminution in the aggregate volume of employment. And it is questionable whether the average legislative body could determine the existence of this condition with sufficient accuracy or sufficient promptness, or discontinue the retrenchment policy soon enough. Let us assume, however, that the condition exists and is wisely dealt with. The workers engaged in public construction could readily find employment in non-public industries. There would be no increase in unemployment. When the depression arrived all the men formerly upon public works would resume operations in that field, together with the additional number required to carry on the public activities which had been neglected during the time of great prosperity. The latter group would represent a net increase in the volume of employment. In the absence of the "prosperity reserve" arrangement, they would not be employed at all.

Such is the theory of the scheme. Its possible good effects would be offset to some extent by its evil influence in exaggerating business activity during a prosperous period, thereby causing excessive expansion and inevitably increasing the depth of the succeeding depression. However, the diminution of public works is no necessary part of a rational project of this sort. The Jones Bill, which was introduced in the Senate during the last Congress, merely provides for doubling the amount of money expended by the federal government on public works during the year immediately following "a 10 percent fall in the volume of all construction contracts for a three months' period, as compared with the average of the same period for the three preceding years." Whether or not the relatively meagre appropriation of $150,000,000 would suffice to hold in check the forces making for depression, it would at least mean a net increase in the number of men who could find employment. That part of the theory which assumes that public works should be retrenched by an equal degree during the first succeeding period of great prosperity had better be thrown overboard entirely. In that case, the much-vaunted "prosperity reserve" would be merely a device for increasing public works when private employment is unusually slack. As such, it is not a new thing under the sun. Many governments, both national and local, have striven to increase the amount of public works in dull times. The only thing new in the proposal, as it is now agitated, is the provision for previous planning and wider use. If it is to produce any considerable number of good results, it should be frankly recognized as committing governments to a very large increase in the amount of public works to be constructed during any period of years which includes a business depression.

In accordance with the immense amount of testimony and information offered at the hearings, the Committee recommends unemployment insurance. But it clearly prefers voluntary and private plans to compulsory and public plans. It rejects "the systems of unemployment insurance now in vogue under foreign governments," and declares that interference by the federal government in this field "is not necessary not advisable at this time." However, it does admit by implication the possible value of public insurance, inas-

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much as it declares that the study of this problem should be left to the state legislatures. Undoubtedly, the Committee is right in preferring state to national unemployment insurance, but its faith in the possibilities of voluntary and private effort in this field is scarcely justified by experience or by the probabilities.

Finally, the Committee gives a qualified endorsement to old-age pensions, in the statement that further consideration might well be given to the necessity and advisability of establishing them, "either through private industry, through the states or through the federal government."

On their face all six of the foregoing recommendations aim at preventing or reducing the hardships of unemployment. A federal census of the unemployed would stimulate constructive action and give valuable guidance by providing adequate information. A comprehensive system of employment exchanges would reduce costs and hardships, and in some degree would lessen the time spent by some wage-earners in search of work. Stabilization of seasonal employment would only indirectly and very slightly reduce the total amount of unemployment during any given year. The "prosperity reserve," with the amendment suggested above, could be so organized as to reduce very considerably the amount of unemployment in periods of depression. It would produce no such effect in a period like the present, when all the masters of government and of industry are convinced that the country is prosperous. Unemployment insurance would relieve an enormous amount of human suffering and it ought to be adopted in every industry. Legislative action, as contemplated in the Huber Bill which nearly became a law in Wisconsin a few years ago, indicates the only adequate method. Both public and private insurance plans could be so organized as to restrict the volume of a depression, by discouraging and preventing overexpansion of plants during especially prosperous periods. From the nature of the case, old-age pensions would not reduce unemployment. They would greatly mitigate its hardships, particularly in our country at the present time when the age limit for employment has been so considerably lowered. If men cannot find jobs after the age of forty-five or fifty, the number of those who may be called the "economically aged" becomes greatly enlarged and the need for old-age pensions greatly intensified.

Although these measures do not seem capable of increasing in any considerable degree the average amount of employment, their beneficent possibilities in other relations are enormous. Their good effects can be comprehensively indicated in the statement that millions of Americans would have larger and steadier incomes, and would in greater or less degree be relieved from the fear of want and many other demoralizing influences associated with insufficient employment.

WILL THE VATICAN HAVE A BANK?

By RICCARDO SAVINI

AS SOON as the treaty between the Italian state and the Holy See became effective, the latter entered into possession of the financial resources which had been stipulated therein. The Italian Minister of Finance and Treasury handed Cardinal Gasparri a check on the Bank of Italy for 750,000,000 lire and informed him that state securities having a par value of 1,000,000,000 had been credited by the Treasury to the Vatican account.

The administration of Vatican finances will from now on probably require special and experienced handling, and it seems probable that a Vatican bank will be established for the purpose. Rumor has been current in Rome that offers had been received from a prominent banker of German origin with international connections, as well as from a well-known American firm, but the Vatican authorities have declined to discuss plans, and their course still seems uncertain.

Exact data as to the resources, income and expenditures of the Vatican are not available, but it is quite safe to state that the annual income of the Holy See at present is not more than $1,500,000. The amount is comparatively small, when one recalls the steady stream of gold sent to Rome by the faithful from every corner of the earth. One must, however, consider that the contributions have diminished to a considerable extent since the war, particularly in the case of European nations. It is generally believed that North American Catholics have in recent years contributed fully 60 percent of the total Vatican income. Of the amount collected for the "obolus" of Saint Peter, a major part is absorbed by international missionary societies such as Propaganda Fide, which has a separate administration.

The distribution of funds as well as their administration depends entirely upon the Pope, who enjoys full and arbitrary power in every field, from dogmatic and political discussion to the smallest and most insignificant detail pertaining to the Catholic Church. Of course these absolute powers have a somewhat theoretical value; the Pope can give general directions and decide on matters of importance but he cannot possibly attend to details such as the financial administration of the papal patrimony. Until the present moment this function was entrusted to a special department which, like all others in the Vatican administration, was managed almost entirely by priests.

Foreigners are likely to be misled by the fact that Italy has a number of institutions described as Catholic banks. Such banks are also to be found in France,

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and in Italy have been particularly numerous in agricultural sections. (It may be noted that they were mostly small institutions and that many have recently failed.) The denomination "Catholic" implies only that these banks are managed by Catholics and that they seek the patronage of Catholic institutions and congregations. The directors are chosen from Catholic laymen, because the Pope has indicated on several occasions that he did not wish to have ordained priests accept positions involving financial responsibility.

The Vatican has never had any direct connection with these banks; their services have been solicited at times, but always in the form of a private transaction. On one or two occasions the Holy See has come to the assistance of Catholic banks which were temporarily in trouble but this has always been through the personal interest of the Pope who feared that the failure of the bank would result in suffering among the poorer depositors. The aid rendered was, therefore, nothing more than an act of charity, and has in every case been made in favor of the depositors, not of the institution.

Now that the Vatican has become an independent state, even though the smallest state in the world, its conditions have changed so much as to make private administration of funds difficult, if not impossible. The Vatican may have an area consisting of about forty square miles, it may have a population of only 500 souls, but it has spiritual, political, religious and economic interests spreading far and wide, with agencies and ramifications in every part of the globe.

Vatican City will presumably coin money, not only to facilitate exchange but also to give a traditional sanction to the newly constituted state, inasmuch as the act of coining money is an indication of sovereign prerogatives. On the other hand the project encounters many obstacles, mostly deriving from the somewhat general feeling of the members of the Roman Curia that it would be better not to have the Vatican take too direct and conspicuous an interest in financial operations. Thus, while it seems every day more probable that the bank will be inaugurated in the near future, the only definite step taken so far has been to commission some well-known financiers to make a study of the situation and submit tentative plans.

The economic problems of Catholicism are no small entity. The spiritual mandate can be exercised only if sufficient means are provided, and until the present moment expenses have proven very much in excess of returns. The Pope himself in the first speech delivered after the conciliation, addressed to the parish priests and preachers of Rome, referred to the economic aspects of the spiritual mission, saying that while the Holy See confided in Divine Providence for its ultimate destinies, it was the duty of the Church to secure some assistance from human providence.

We can also recall the efforts of the Church to regulate its financial problem in the past. Prince Agostino Chigi is remembered as "the banquer of the Holy Roman Church," and the Banco di Santo Spirito was created by Pope Paul V (Borghese); so that in establishing a bank Pius XI would be in perfect harmony with the great traditions of the Church, besides demonstrating his sense of practical reality.

The bank would first of all be the Bank of the Vatican State—that is, entirely independent from the Catholic banks and all institutions governed by Italian laws. The administration of Vatican funds would be its major function, and by its very nature and its direct dependence upon the Holy See it would probably enjoy the confidence of all Catholic institutions.

It has, therefore, every chance of becoming an institution of considerable importance. Many Catholics who were in the habit of using the Catholic banks will probably patronize the pontifical bank. In the second place, it will become the natural deposit for funds belonging to religious congregations which, before the Lateran treaties, were not allowed to own in their corporate names. Part of their ancient property will now be returned, and they will be further enriched by the legacies and donations which they constantly receive.

While the plans for the bank are still somewhat vague, stamps have been issued and the type of currency to be used in the Vatican City has been definitely decided. Twenty-lira gold pieces, and five-lira silver coins will be used for the purchase of Vatican stamps and for the payment of entry fees into museums and galleries. Vatican currency will also be used in payment of rights obtained through the various offices, such as special marriage licenses and legal fees for the procedure requesting matrimonial annulment. The coins will be legal tender in all Vatican offices located in Rome, even if not within the City, and presumably will be purchased and treasured as souvenirs by the many pilgrims visiting Rome.

Frost

He came in silver buckles,
On a crisp, windless night;
With lace upon his bosom,
And a wig of gleaming white.

There fell upon the aster
A sudden breath of steel;
There flashed across the clover
An iridescent heel.

The most immaculate pirate,
And the stillest buccaneer,
With cool, efficient fingers
Unsheathed a jeweled spear.

Affluent heirs of April
And summer's tall trustees,
Bedazzled by his manners
Gave up their legacies.

With scarlet trail behind him
Upon a ravished land,
Fastidious, he departed,
No spot upon his hand.

ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE.

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THE DESERT AND THE SOWN

By ADAM DAY

What causes underlie the present unrest in Palestine, which has resulted in bloodshed and destruction? The following paper is recommended to our readers as a summary of facts as these are discernible in history and journalistic accounts. Political backgrounds, racial difficulties and economic developments in the near East are stressed. It is admittedly, however, not a case either for or against Zionism. Comment upon the inferences drawn by Adam Day is invited; and it needs to be distinctly understood that, on a subject of this kind, opinions are necessarily tentative.—The Editors.

RIOTING such as Damascus, royal city in every age and oldest inhabited, knew in 1925 has been repeated in Jerusalem proudest monument of Christianity. So closely related are the two incidents—the rising against the French in Damascus in October, 1925, and the clash between the Arabs and the Jews in Palestine in August of this year—that they may be regarded as belonging to the single history of European mandates in Asia Minor. The former grew out of the inept handling by General Sarrail, French High Commissioner, of complaints of the Jebel Druse; the latter out of complaints against the Balfour Declaration of November, 1917. Back of both is a twofold cause: repudiated promises made to the Arabs when they took up arms against their Turkish overlords, and the age-old European policy of secret treaties.

The first clash in Jerusalem occurred on Tishah Be-Av (August 16) the Jewish fast day commemorative of the destruction of Solomon's temple, when a group of Jews met at their Wailing Wall to lament the lost glories of Israel. A thousand Arabs invaded the area, attacking and seriously injuring the beadle in charge of the prayers and destroying sacred objects. The disorders spread rapidly throughout Jerusalem and into the country to the utmost confines of British mandated territory. British warships and troops were hurried to Palestine to reinforce those already there. Meanwhile, large bodies of Arab peasants, armed chiefly with heavy clubs and daggers, flocked into Jerusalem and nearby villages to join in the attack on the Jews. Many American and British Jews were among the dead and wounded.

The Hebrew race throughout the world rushed to the aid of its people, and a stream of gold poured in to relieve their distress. Young Jews in America volunteered to form shock battalions to take the war into Arab territory, and some twenty thousand Hebrews marched in slow cadence to one of their songs of mourning down Broadway to protest before the British consulate in Whitehall Street. Simultaneously the Zionist organization embracing with its affiliated bodies about two hundred thousand men and women and speaking, its leaders declare, for upward of four million American Jews, attributed the attack to intolerance. Had similar outrages been committed in connection with Christian holy places, it held, the Arabs would have been disciplined by the British within twenty-four hours.

No evidence substantiates such charges. Instead, Arabs and Jews have dwelt side by side in Palestine for many years without grave disturbance marking their relations. Nor has alliance been infrequent between the disciples of Moses and Mohammed in many of the wars that have been fought in the Levant, and in the innumerable political intrigues up the centuries. Rather than religious intolerance, the causes back of the August disturbances are to be found in political and economic conditions. These causes go back to the Allenby campaign in Palestine and Syria, when the British promised Sheriff Hussein of Mecca to recognize and support the independence of the Arabs in practically all the territory between Turkey proper on one side and the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea; to guarantee the holy places of the Mohammedans against all foreign aggression; and to recognize their individuality.

This, the Arabs were led to believe, meant a new Arabian state which would include not only the Arabian Peninsula, but Syria and Mesopotamia, both predominantly Arab, and Palestine, in which the Arabs outnumber the Jews about six to one. They believed the Allies' declaration that the final liberation of peoples so long oppressed, and the establishment of national governments and administrations deriving their authority from the initiative and the free choice of the native populations, were the aim of the Powers. Sheriff Hussein threw in his lot and that of his people with them, and revolted against the Turks.

There followed some of the most colorful episodes of the whole war, and their history is yet to be written. It was here that Gertrude Bell and Colonel T. E. Lawrence did such yeoman work for Great Britain and her Allies, confident that these Arab people, whom they lived with and loved and who had felt the yoke of Turkish oppression for 400 years, were about to realize their ambition. Neither knew that there existed, even when these pledges were made, a secret agreement between Great Britain and France, called the Sykes-Picot pact, which created British and French spheres of influence within the territory promised to the Arabs. The Anglo-French understanding and the pledges to the children of the desert were irreconcilable. Like the secret treaty of London between the Powers and Italy, the terms of this near-East accord did not become known until the peace conference convened. Then there was much in the press about the efforts of Wilson and Smuts to set it aside.

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Even as many of the decisions of the peace conference, that of the Big Four regarding Palestine and Syria was a compromise. They held that neither had reached the state of development sufficient to be constituted an independent nation and that, until they had achieved this, they must be governed by trustees of the League. They were turned over to the League of Nations, along with the German colonies. France got Syria and the Lebanon; Great Britain got Palestine and Mesopotamia, with its rich oil fields. On top of this came the Balfour Declaration that

> His Majesty's government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of that object, it being understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by the Jews in any other country.

Gertrude Bell died in her beloved Bagdad disillusioned and Colonel Lawrence refused the knighthood.

Thus, looming big in the situation in this land of broken troth, murder and dissension, religious intolerance and ceaseless strife over modes of worship and ritual, theatre of wild and promiscuous tumult of all the noblest and basest passions, stand the repudiated pledges upon which the Arabs built a new and transcendant hope for an autonomous homeland.

The King-Crane Commission which President Wilson sent to Syria in 1919 reported that, of 1,863 petitions received by the commission, more than 60 percent were expressly opposed to a French mandate, and less than 15 percent—mostly from the Lebanon—were expressly favorable to France. This was in the face of a big propaganda by French forces in occupation of the coastal area. On March 10, 1920, a congress of 135 notables representative of all cities met at Damascus and proclaimed the independent kingdom of Syria, with the Emir Feisal as king. This showed the thought in the French-mandated area.

The situation was not much different in Palestine. When Sir Herbert Samuel, a Jew and the first British High Commissioner, got to Jerusalem, he found the whole country in a state of unrest. The Arabs were alarmed at the Zionist vanguard which was coming, admittedly to take over Palestine under the Balfour Declaration. There were riots in 1920, and in those of 1921 more than a hundred persons were killed and many wounded. British troops quelled the disturbances; but it was recognized as an armed peace by everyone who knew anything about the Levant, and Sir Herbert appealed to London for an interpretation of the Balfour Declaration. Downing Street declared it did not envisage the subordination of the Arab population nor its disappearance; it was only in Palestine that the Jewish "national home" was to be founded.

This was territory that had been promised King Hussein, and the percentage of its Arab population was, more or less, the same as that of Syria. Downing Street's interpretation did not satisfy the Arabs, but they felt themselves impotent, remembering the strong repressive measures employed against them in 1920-1921. There was nothing to do but bide their time and hope for more propitious days. They had now become thoroughly convinced that they had merely changed the old Turk for a new master who understood them even less.

Protests and petitions flooded the offices of the High Commissioner in Jerusalem and the Colonial Office in London, and in these the Christian population joined, refusing along with the Arabs to coöperate with the authorities in carrying out the Balfour Declaration. There were boycotts and other measures which fell just short of resort to arms. The Jews themselves could not get together behind Zionism, so it is not remarkable that Arabs and Christians should unite in opposing the movement, especially since both throughout the near East hold that Zionism is a creation of the Jews of northern and eastern Europe whom it chiefly benefits.

Meanwhile, financed by American and British Jews, there flowed into Palestine a stream of Jewish immigrants from Russia, Poland and all northern and eastern Europe, a few from America, pushing the Arabs further and further away from the cities and the oases. Funds unexampled in philanthropy poured in to enable them to farm and engage in industry—to prosper as few prosper in the near East, where life is hard and cheap. They harnessed the waters of the Jordan and made the desert bloom. Plenty grew where a few short years before had been stony soil, destitute of water and treeless and knowing no plow save the hoofs of war horses.

It is small wonder that the prosperity of the Palestine home-building immigrants created envy and hatred in the hearts of the illiterate and poor Arab and Druse tribesmen—wild men of the desert and the mountains, whose laws are primitive, like their passions. They felt that a minority race with alien customs had got a permanent home in their own land at the expense of the majority; that this pampered minority had fallen heir to all the joys of living, while they were rich if they had a mangy camel or two, and fortunate if allowed to pitch their black tents in some oasis. They adopted a position of opposition, founded first on envy of the more fortunate Zionists, and secondly on the most primitive of all fears—that for their life as a people. Similar hostility has been exhibited by every people who have seen their lands invaded by a more powerful race. And if more had been needed to make dissentious the situation, this was at hand in Russian Communist activities to further Arab nationalist aspirations.

The Arabs hold that, instead of the things promised them when they fought for Great Britain and her Allies, their present government deprives them of all

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political and national rights; imposes upon them an autocratic form of government contrary to British tradition and sense of justice; and makes of their country a British colony. They declare that permanent peace cannot be established in Palestine under this policy, and demand no less than the complete abrogation of the Balfour Declaration. They blame Zionism directly for the August uprising and assert that a "national home" for the Jews can be accomplished only by putting the Arabs out of their own homes. In this they are backed by Mohammedan opinion throughout the length and breadth of the world—and there are 220,000,000 followers of Mohammed.

The Zionists also are able to recite history, precedent and, too, the official acts of the most powerful nations to justify their demands for adequate protection while they carry forward their program. Ever since the final destruction of the temple in Jerusalem by the arms of Titus and Hadrian, its rebuilding has been the ruling passion of the children of Israel. This has taken the form in recent years of an ever-growing interest in reconstructing Palestine for the "disinherited of the Jewish race and to re-create Jewish culture and civilization in its native environment."

It was the premise of the Zionists that a series of formal declarations by the allied Powers, treaties between various nations and the official acts of the League of Nations had given public recognition to the historic right of the Jewish people to do this and had woven it into the fabric of international law. Further, a unanimous action by the Senate in Washington on September 21, 1922, had placed the approval of the United States on the purposes of the Balfour Declaration and the Palestine mandate. They demanded, therefore, the moral support of the Washington government and called on the British government to guarantee the peace in Palestine. They insisted that not only must Britain take every measure for the protection of life and property, but that certain British officials in Palestine were unfitted for their task and must go.

Many important Englishmen are agreed that Great Britain made a political mistake in the Balfour Declaration. Among these was Lord Rothermore, owner of an influential group of newspapers, who characterized the British attempt to establish a "national home" for the Jews as "one of the maddest of all Britain's post-war adventures." At the same time it was recalled that both Christians and Arabs in Palestine were almost unanimous in their objections to the "national home," and that even the leaders of British Jewry warned their people that to accept privileges in Palestine would result in deadly feuds with other nations that would travel throughout the empire.

This view is well supported by fact and history. What makes the mistake the more regrettable is that it was of the heart and not of the head. Despite his long political and diplomatic experience, Lord Balfour obviously did not take due account of the Jewish character and what its juxtaposition with a majority group like the Arabs in the mandated territory would mean. There might be peace so long as all were poor; each might go his own way undisturbed, unmolested by the other so long as neither possessed special advantages or wealth. But it was a foregone conclusion that the immigrant Jews, backed by the tremendous wealth of English and American Jewry, would rise quickly above their lowly fellow-inhabitants of the land. This was bound to make for trouble.

Persons who have had long experience in the Moslem world see in Palestine and Syria a situation that contains no augury for permanent peace there. They recall that no palliatives since the victorious emergence of the allied Powers from the world war have satisfied the Arabs—probably because, as Lord Cromer declared, it is not given to the European to understand the Levantine oriental mind. From Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay—and, in the old days, from Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg—statesmen have looked across the Mediterranean to the wandering tribes of Arabia, Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia and seen in them a backward race, with a tremendous percentage of illiteracy. They failed to reckon on the inherent independence of spirit of these peoples and, since 1914, on the widespread development of nationalist thought among them.

This desire for self-government has gone beyond the fanatical tribesmen and peasants and taken strong hold on Moslems of all kinds. Throughout India, Arabia, Egypt and other Moslem countries, the highest heads in the Moslem world are scheming to free the Peninsula of Arabia from the European Powers and place a caliph over it. Every student who has gone to the East has observed the growth of the movement, the strength of its leadership and the fact that it is receiving support where it never found it before.

The Moslems are not prepared to wage hostilities against the British empire. They lack everything that would make for more than sporadic risings, and it would seem that the only way left open to them is through winning over public opinion. This will be more difficult in Palestine than was the case in the French-mandated territory of Syria, for aligned against them are vast wealth and political considerations which were wholly absent from the former, and they have none of the sympathy which the whole Christian world gave to the Jebel Druse insurrection. But their case is not hopeless. British opinion was never so averse as now to the idea of an iron rule. Peace with all the world is among the high English aspirations. The people of Britain today are opposed to keeping any nation in subjugation and to the heavy armaments which are necessary to dominate a people. This would seem the bright spot on the Arab's horizon, for everyone who knows him knows that only force will maintain peace in the deserts and the nearby cities, and that not even force will make him forget that for which he fought when war shook the world.

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REMEMBERING ACQUIA

By WALTER J. NOTT

AS SOON as some more money is collected, the energy of Bishop Brennan will complete the work and crown the ambition of his predecessor, Bishop Dennis J. O'Connell, in planting by the great Richmond-Washington Highway an immense crucifix. The purpose of the sacred image is to proclaim love for Jesus Christ in a day that is proclaiming a deal of other, strange loves, and to preserve a great Catholic memory. A site has been purchased near the theatre of the historical facts to be commemorated, just fourteen miles north of Fredericksburg, in Virginia, where the Highway crosses the Acquia Creek. The work is being done by the Historical Committee of the Catholic Women's Club of Richmond.

The inscription will read:

> This sacred image of the Divine Victim of intolerance is dedicated as a memorial of the first charter of religious toleration in the colony of Virginia and of the Catholic gentlemen who procured it from a Catholic king, February 10, 1686.

It will recall a brave story.

Something under three hundred years ago, there moved from the palatinate of Maryland a family of Brents who had been great in that land and courageous in the Faith in the Shakespeare country in England for a hundred years. There was Giles Brent, Lieutenant Governor of Maryland and commander of its armed forces, a harsh and elegant cavalier who did battle with Claiborne of Virginia for Kent Island in a stirring little private war. In the feud that developed over the Island, the Stuarts' quarrel and religious difference, he ran Claiborne out of Maryland and imprisoned Claiborne's friend, the dissenter Ingals, because the latter had publicly said, "Be damned to the King!" When King Charles was in difficulties in England there came a Parliament ship into the Chesapeake called the Reformation. Upon notice of this, Colonel Brent called for his buckles and his laces, for his sword and his golden snuff-box and the elegant fopperies that befitted his rank and station, and ordered himself rowed to the anchored ship.

With a great flourish he went over the side, he went down among the cutlasses of the hostile sailors and blithely required the crew to hoist sail and take him and his friends ashore to Bristol for the relief of the King, who was beleaguered there. He did not succeed, but retired to shore with all the insolent dignity with which he had gone forth. When the Dissenters began to weaken the Catholic hand, and old age came upon him, he retired to his estates on the Acquia in Virginia, where he and his sister Margaret had land grants. This was in 1645.

His sister was of a like sort with himself. She was a masterful woman who never married but who seemed to have managed her own and many other affairs with considerable success and profit. She was the executrix of Leonard Calvert's estate, in which capacity she faced and browbeat the mutinous unpaid soldiers of the late Governor, and one day strode into a meeting of the Assembly and before them all and Governor Green demanded a vote because of the trusts she held. To her was also the credit of the first schools for Indian children in Anglo-Saxon America. They called her "Mr. Margaret Brent."

With these two came also their nephew, George Brent, whose work this projected Calvaire will commemorate. He built his place over the Acquia and called it Woodstock, after the family palace in England. There were several brothers, his cousins, Giles Brent's children, and his own numerous progeny to cultivate a wilderness and defend a frontier which bordered dangerously on the Indian trail from the West, and which was just beyond the border of Virginian protection.

The family waxed great and in their isolation prayed how and entertained whom they chose. When other colonists came George Brent was a captain, and with his friend Colonel George Mason he protected these settlers from the forays of the red man. Once a party of Doegs, while at peace with Maryland, came across the Potomac for some hogs and some scalps, alleging that one Mathews had cheated them. Brent with twenty men followed them across the river and strode into the Doeg town. The chief came running from his cabin. Brent seized him by the hair and as he tried to escape, shot him. Then there was a great row with Governor Berkeley of Virginia, because they had acted without warrant from him. This row developed into the Bacon Rebellion, but as it grew the Brents took the Governor's part.

Colonel Mason, on one of these martial expeditions, brought home a little Indian boy who would neither speak nor eat, but lay on a pallet giving not a sign of life. Whereupon George Brent came and suggested that the little heathen be baptized "for he had heard that the sacrament had an efficacious effect upon the body." This was done and the boy returned to his accustomed health and vigor.

The correspondence of William Fitzhugh, a neighbor, shows the development of the Northern Neck. How the elegancies that the pioneers had remembered in England were brought one by one into the wilderness as their means permitted: a silver goblet for madame, and some Madeira to replace the atrocious rum from the Barbadoes; how they wanted their boys to learn French and how Brent sent his boys to Douay to get Catholic learning and instruction in their faith.

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In the rudeness of the frontier they struggled to remain Catholic and gentle.

About the time we write of James II, the last of the reigning Stuarts, ruled in England. While Duke of York he turned from a deep hatred of Catholics to embrace their religion. He got a priest for that dying worldling his brother, Charles II, and by hereditary succession became the Catholic King of a Protestant nation.

James Stuart tried hard but could do little for his co-religionists; but the Brents in Virginia, taking advantage of the frontier condition of the Northern Neck and the good-will of the King, thought to erect a settlement where the ideas of religious liberty might find root and flourish. Prior to 1687, Mr. Nicholas Hayward with his brother, Richard Foote, Robert Bristow, two merchants of London and factors for the people about Acquia, with Captain George Brent of Woodstock, purchased from Lord Culpeper 30,000 acres in Northern Neck between the Rappahannock and the Potomac which they called Brenton, after Captain Brent. Then King James II issued a proclamation authorizing the purchasers and the inhabitants of the land freely to exercise their religion.

The original of this document was in the possession of J. C. Brent of Washington, lately deceased. The following exact copy was made by Mr. W. B. Chilton:

(Signed) James R

Right trusty and well beloved, Wee greet you well. Whereas our Trusty and well beloved George Brent of Woodstock, in our County of Stafford in that our Collony of Virginia, Richard Foote and Robert Bristow of London, Merchants & Nicholas Hayward of London, Notary Publick have by their humble petition informed us that they have purchased of our right trusty and well beloved Thomas Lord Culpeper a certain tract of land in our said Colony between the Rivers of Rappahannock and Potomac containing of estimation Thirty thousand acres lying in or near our said County of Stafford some miles distant from any present settlement or Inhabitants and at or about Twenty Miles from the foot of the mountains, upon part of which Tract of Land the Pet'rs have fortifications and doo therefore pray that for the encouragement of Inhabitants to settle in the said Towne and plantation wee would be pleased to grant them the free exercise of their Religion, wee have thought fitt to condescend to their humble request and wee do accordingly give and grant unto the Pet'rs and to all and every the Inhabitants which now are or hereafter shall bee settled in the said Towne and Trace of land belonging to them as is above mentioned, the free exercise of their Religion without being prosecuted or molested upon any penall laws or other account for the same, which wee do hereby signifie unto you to the end you may take care and give such orders as may be requisite. That they enjoy the full benefit of these our gracious intentions to them.

Provided they behave themselves in all civill matters so as to become peaceable and Loyall subjects and for so doing this shall your warrant and so wee bid you heartuly farewell.

Given att our Court at Whitehall the 10th day of Feb'ry 1686-7, in the third year of our Reign.

By his Maj'ties Commands

Sunderland

Directed to our Right Trusty and well beloved Francis Lord Howard of Effingham our Lieutenant & Governor Generall of our Collony & Dominions of Virginia in America and to our Chiefe Governor or Governors there for the time being.

Locum Sigilli

The place of the Royal Signet

This shall oblige Francis

This is a true copy of the original to me shown and produced—Examined in London this 19th day of February Anno Domini 1686.

Quod attesto manu ac sigillo rogatus

Sam'l Scorey Not. Pub'k.

George Brent's idea was to gather on this land the persecuted Huguenots of France and the harried Catholics of England where under the charter of James they could find life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness that Jefferson was to write about a hundred years later, a hundred miles from this spot. In 1689 James Stuart, for his attempt to extend toleration to the English race in kingdom and provinces, lost his throne to the Dutchman, William of Orange. Nevertheless Brenton seems to have continued its free existence for some years. Brent's good neighbor, William Fitzhugh, wrote at this time:

> But if these troubles and great oppressions that from thence we may guess may fall upon the Roman Catholics in England Brenton (the name of the colony) I esteem a good sanctuary for them.

The same writes that even Catholics would be preferable to the red heathen, being Christians. George Brent went to Williamsburg as member of the House of Burgesses in 1688. He was also Receiver General for the Northern Neck and was now appointed Ranger General for that part of the frontier.

About 1693, affairs took a change. We learn from Fitzhugh's letters that an anti-Catholic fright swept over the people caused by lies that came from the Annapolis crowd in Maryland to the effect that the Catholics were conspiring with the Indians for a general massacre of the heretics. Fitzhugh wrote reams of paper to prove the falsity of the charges but to no avail. Things came to such a pass that Captain Brent, who had defended the frontier and the homes of the settlers for a generation, had to flee from their violence to the estate of his friend Fitzhugh. Later the test act which had been suspended in all Virginia by order of James through Lord Effingham was tendered the Brents. They must take it or cease to practise law. What happened is not definitely known, but they neither ceased to practise law nor failed to practise their religion. The different families of the Brent name remained faithful through all the penal days. When Washington was building, one of them became the first commissioner. Later came John Carroll, with

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his episcopal consecration, to visit his Brent kindred at Peace, which had been Margaret's plantation.

The homes of all burned, the last Brent left the Northern Neck in 1845. Of the whole enterprise there remain only the facts that the industry of Mr. W. B. Chilton, of Washington, gathered from old letters and musty records years ago. Over the fields first plowed by the Catholic pioneers have tramped the armies of two wars, and then followed the desolation of marsh and bramble and honeysuckle. Desolation has come, too, over the town they built and the harbor for ships from the sea. Men took the last of the foundations to fill in the old bridge-head over the Acquia and that was years ago. The graveyard remains, with its elegantly carved and fashioned tombs that date back as far as 1689, when Lady Baltimore's daughter by Richard Sewell, "Secretaire of Maryland," who had married Robert Brent, was buried. Bravely through all these years these stones in the wilderness withstood the storms, until the new Highway came near and they could point to us the gallant endeavor of these Catholic gentlemen and the liberal ideas of a Catholic King.

DOWN THE LOLO TRAIL

By CULLEN BRATTAIN

IN THAT particular section of the Palouse country the neighborhood was almost all Protestant, the school entirely so, but that did not prevent us from knowing when Corpus Christi Day was at hand.

The schoolhouse, an abandoned one-room and lean-to log cabin, stood on the brow of a little hill, at whose foot was a broad flat traversed by Pine Creek, which, by June, was only a series of pools of varying sizes. A mile below where there were willows and service bushes, black with fruit, the ponds were deeper and there was always running water. But those places were fenced in and off the county road, while the flat was open, offering a camping site for wayfarers.

It was usually at afternoon recess when some sharp-eyed boy would raise the cry "Indians!" and we would all rush to the edge of the hill to watch the moving cloud of dust through which could be seen the dim forms of ponies with their burdens of human beings or camp equipment. They had come from the reservation to the south and were on their way to the De Smet Mission for the Corpus Christi Day celebration. They had been on their journey two days now and would stop on the flat for their last rest before reaching their destination.

Teacher came out to watch, too, and recess was prolonged. Some there were who were half afraid of these strange, fascinating beings. We knew all about them. They had once owned all this country and even now might get mad and try to take it back. Someone whispered this and was answered by a brave boy: "Ho, ho, they wouldn't dare! I'm not afraid, let's go down to the road." But teacher said no, and the bragging must be done at a safe distance.

There were in the group huddled together on that grassy hill several who could remember, more or less distinctly, Joseph's uprising in '77, when the people, fearful that the Lolo trails near by would be chosen by the Indians for their journey to the battle-field, had fled to Colfax. Indeed, one man who refused to go was shot and scalped by some stragglers. This was the time to recall the grewsome event. Such stories did not of course, frighten the boys but they did one little girl. She was a baby when that happened but her mother was afraid of Indians and so was she.

The cloud of dust grew less as the ponies reached the flat and we could watch the process of camp making. Squaws with babies slung in skin cradles to their backs, slid from the ponies and began preparations for a meal. Tents were set up and blankets spread around. Ponies were hobbled and turned loose or staked out at the end of a long rope. Squaws went to pools for water. Fires were started and kettles put on. The boys said they were cooking dogs for supper, and some of us believed them.

We were called into the schoolroom finally, and before dismissal the teacher instructed those whose homeward way led past the camp to keep well up on the hill on the upper road. Was the teacher afraid of the Indians? The big boys, the ten- and twelve-year-olds, thought she was, and spoke scornfully of "cowardy cats" as we went slowly along the upper road until we knew the teacher was safely over the hills in the opposite direction. Then some boy ventured the opinion that the upper road was out of his way and he intended to go the usual way. No one opposed him, so down the hill we plunged and walked right through the middle of the camp, exchanging greetings with the men, and frightening one or two papooses. The little girl was frightened, too, and hung on to her brother's hand, much to his disgust and embarrassment.

The next day, out of the teacher's hearing, the boys had much to tell of the camp, which by morning had entirely disappeared. The litle girl knew nothing except that she had been glad when they were out of it.

Then someone began to tell what the Indians did at the Mission; someone who had been over there and knew all about it. There was a meeting in the church and after dinner a procession all around the Mission grounds and they "shot the devil." Her father had taken them all over to see it last year and they were going this year, too. Other children said *they* were going, the teacher had talked to two of the directors and they had said she might dismiss school so everybody could go.

The little girl began to be afraid her father would not care to go, but Brother said he probably would. Then the some- who had been there the year before delivered a lecture on Catholic Church Behavior as Differentiated from Protestant Procedure. In the Catholic Church people did not worship God (her voice dropped to a whisper as she told this) but they knelt down before pictures. And no one could laugh or whisper, they would be put out if they did. One woman had laughed last year and a squaw had slapped her. We did not believe it. A squaw slap a white woman! Ho, ho! It was true, cross her heart, hope to die. No, she had not seen it but a lady had told her mama, a lady who never told a lie.

One of the big girls said she would just like to see a squaw try to slap *her,* and another grew bloodthirsty in telling what *she* would do if one even thought of touching her, and she would laugh as much as she wanted to. But Brother—always wise, Brother—remarked that if people went to other people's churches they ought to behave.

But, the one who had been there last year defended herself and friends, you could hardly help laughing sometimes, everything was so queer. The priests wore long dresses, awful pretty, with lace on them. The people who sang were up high in the back of the church. The Indians knelt on the floor. There was no end to her knowledge. The little girl listened, appalled at the amount of information a schoolmate no older than herself and who could not read nearly so well had been able to

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acquire from one visit to the Mission. Even now, many years later, it is appalling to remember the weird things, related for truth, that we listened to that sunny June day in the shade of the log cabin. Where—how—did she gather all that misinformation?

It did not take us long to walk home that night. We were wild to find out if we, too, might drive to the Mission and see them "shoot the devil."

Corpus Christi Day dawned warm and sunny. We were up early and needed to be called but once. It was a three-hour drive over the hills and through pine woods (how we prairie children loved woods!) to the upper end of Hangman Creek where De Smet Mission was located, and there was stock to feed before we could eat our own breakfast.

We had had our baths the night before, in a wooden tub in the kitchen; and we girls had laid out on a chair by the bedside our starched, carefully ironed, embroidery-trimmed underwear and petticoats—two, so that our lawn dresses would stand out nicely—ready to hop into as soon as we awoke. Best dresses, of course, were not put on before breakfast, but a clean, long-sleeved apron covered the glory of stiff whiteness until the meal was over, dishes were washed, floors swept and beds made. There were neighbors, we heard their names whispered at school, who did not make beds or wash dishes before starting on such a long trip; but our house must be in absolute order before we left, and no one questioned the wisdom of this.

At last, however, we were ready. The lunch of roast chicken, always roast chicken, sliced ham, bread, butter, pies and cakes and bowls of cottage cheese, was packed in big milk pails with a tablecloth on top and a newspaper wrapped tightly over that to keep out dust. Smaller pails of morning's milk were wedged in between the others so they could not spill.

Over our lawn dresses with bows and belt of pink or blue ribbon were drawn the long-sleeved aprons as a protection against the fine dust. Veils were tied carefully over white straw hats, the long streamer being wrapped around the crown first. The boys scorned this care of finery. They could "brush off." But both parents were enveloped in long linen dusters. They sat on the front seat with baby between them. The girls were on the seat back; and behind them, in front of the hay and sack of grain for the horses, were two kitchen chairs for the boys—who, however, spent half their time standing, holding to the girls' seat, the better to talk and tease.

Neighbors had already begun to pass along the road and the little girl was afraid of being late. It was reassuring when they were at last out on the highway to see others still behind. All the world, it seemed, was going to Corpus Christi Day at De Smet Mission. The little girl did not know that Corpus Christi Day happened any place except at De Smet Mission. It belonged to De Smet Mission, as birthdays or wedding anniversaries belonged to certain people.

The horses plow through the dust. A colt trots along beside its mother and wants its dinner before the Mission is reached. But it has to wait. The little girl is glad her father does not do, as some other men do, draw out to the side of the road and let the young animal satisfy its hunger. The little girl is not hungry so why should the colt be? It had its breakfast, the same as she did.

Pretty woods surround the Mission and the little girl's father chooses a good place to leave the wagon and horses and later come back to for dinner. Some particularly friendly neighbors are not far away, and the little girl knows they will all eat together and is happy. One of the women always brings salt-rising bread to picnics, and the little girl loves salt-rising bread.

People gather in groups and walk slowly toward the church. The church is not like the Methodist one in the little town where the neighbors go to meeting. It has a decoration over the door like a half-sun and a tall cross rises from the front gable. The cross makes the litle girl feel chilly and she walks closer to her mother. She remembers the things the girl told at school and now she believes them. She hopes everybody keeps quiet inside. She does not want to see anyone slapped.

They go in and find places on benches in the back of the church. The front of the church is filled with kneeling Indians the children in front with here and there a black-robed nun, and the adults behind. The windows are high so that not even the grown people can see out. At one side is a wardrobe—or so the little girl thinks—and she wonders what is kept there and why there is a little cross on top. Around the wall are pictures with little crosses at the tops of the frames. The little girl was always counting so she counted them. There were fourteen. The front of the church was beautiful. There was a long shelf covered with a lace-trimmed cloth, and above were little shelves with candles and vases of flowers. And above all the shelves hung a large picture of a beautiful woman with a baby in her arms. They were in clouds. The little girl thought they must be angels. It was the most wonderful thing the little girl had ever seen, this poor, log chapel in the far West where saintly Father Cataldo earned his crown.

Someone in a long black dress came out and lit the candles, and then someone in a lace-trimmed dress came out and began to talk in a strange language, and the people behind her began to sing words she could not understand, and the little girl was very uncomfortable. She wanted to kneel down like the Indian children up front were doing. She glanced at her brother, that brother who could read her like a book, but his frown made her sit tight to the bench and clasp her hands in her lap. She could not have told why, but it did seem as though she ought to kneel, as though everybody ought to kneel. She was almost ashamed that her parents and neighbors did not kneel. Everybody was quiet though. It was not necessary for any Indian woman to do any slapping.

Then it was over and they filed out and went with their neighbors to the wagons and brought out the pails of lunch, and with salt-rising bread and a drumstick to appease her hunger, the little girl recovered her spirits. Only, that all-knowing brother had to talk: "Did you see Cullie? She was just going to kneel down when I looked at her." The little girl blushed a deep crimson as the neighbors laughed and her mother spoke severely: "If you can't behave when you are in church we'll leave you at home next time." It was all right then for some people to kneel in church but not for others. The little girl wished her people were the kind that knelt, but she did not look at her brother as she wished it. She did not like to be laughed at.

After dinner she climbed up into a wagon with other little girls to watch the procession. She was fascinated. The Indians ranged around three sides of an open square in front of the church, the priest walking between the kneeling devotees, the little Indian girls walking backward scattering flowers in his path, the salvo of shots when the church was entered again—how could her little mates talk and laugh? It was not funny, only very, very mysterious and beautiful. The little girl was glad her brother was not there to read her thoughts and deride her. She was queer already and did not want to be any queerer.

But the seed was sown, to come to fruition after many years in a sunnier clime, a friendlier environment. O patient Sower!

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COMMUNICATIONS

THIS TALK ABOUT ART

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Donald Attwater in his article, This Talk about Art, raises some very timely questions. It is indeed an encouraging sign that articles about art can be published and generally read in our modern publications. He questions the propriety of calling the Church "the mother of the arts" on the ground that she made few, if any, rules on the subject. She certainly was the patron of art, as he carefully explains, and whether she be called the patron or mother makes little difference. To infer that she was a poor mother because no definite rules or regulations for art were laid down by her does not seem at all conclusive. Unquestionably the Church gave not only work but opportunity for development and encouragement as well, to the artists with whose work she sympathized; while to those with whom she was not satisfied she gave little or no work, thereby eliminating them. Her selective buying was tantamount to making laws. However, there is so much of interest in Mr. Attwater's article that it hardly seems worth while quarreling about the maternity of art. There can be no question that without the Church's patronage, art could not have flourished as it did prior to the Reformation.

Mr. Attwater pleads for a modern style of church building. He is quite right in assuming that it would have been absurd to ask a man in the thirteenth century to build a Byzantine church. However, the same objections cannot be applied to this age working in the historical styles. For us who have history to draw upon, both in books and in museums, it is difficult to remain uninfluenced by that which has been. One simply cannot ignore one's education or knowledge. In the thirteenth century the world's vision had not yet lengthened. People knew little beyond their neighborhood, their country and their own time. They lived in an age when culture centered on religion, and that is why they created religious styles. Style is the result of a collective impulse of a nation or an age. Style is an epidemic. There were styles of architecture in the thirteenth, fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. Today, instead of styles of architecture, we have styles of automobiles, of airplanes and steamships. Our automobiles are as much of a style as the Gothic churches of the thirteenth century were of a style. A Byzantine church in the thirteenth century would have been as out of date as a 1915 automobile is today. Nowadays almost everyone either owns, operates, makes or rides in an automobile, just as in the thirteenth century practically every person took an active part in the building or services of the Church. The same public interest which actuated styles of architecture is today creating styles in automobiles.

It is useless to demand that we now create a new style of architecture or a new style of church building. There must be an underlying need or condition that gives birth to a style. We are building churches which are to a great extent copies of the old churches, because our religious needs, the dogma and the services of today are much the same as they were in the thirteenth century. A radical new style of architecture will not be developed until there are radical changes in our services or in our religious needs, or an outburst of religious fervor.

The last quarter-century has seen a remarkable improvement in architecture. While the historical styles have been used, they have been developed rather than slavishly copied. It is not because we have brighter men or greater artists that we are building better buildings and therefore better churches; it is simply an impulse of the time. Aesthetic impulses seem to be controlled by some unknown force. To demand that we build churches in a new style, of concrete, steel and glass, would be asking us to do something quite unnatural.

Mr. Attwater pleads for the modern, but in maintaining that it be produced by individuals goes counter to the spirit of the age. To design a large church an architect must have an organization and a corps of assistants, and whether this be a temporary arrangement which allows him socially to preserve his individuality, or whether it be a legitimate and legal partnership, cannot have any real bearing on the result.

We are living in an age when large corporations and combinations of talent are producing results; an age of coöperation in which big results are necessary—certainly this is not an age of individualism. It is only when many people and a great deal of talent unite in one big effort that we can hope to produce a style or perfect an invention. There need be no fear that we shall fail to produce a good airplane or a beautiful one, for half of the world is working on, using or deeply interested in airplanes. If we had merely a few brilliant minds working on the airplane problem, they would get nowhere.

The poor church architecture, a product of the last few centuries is largely due to the lack of interest in religion and, therefore, in religious art. People have been too busy inventing and discovering. Although we are still inventing and discovering at a rapid rate, a revival of interest in art is evident. We are today producing better ecclesiastical architecture, but we are doing it by climbing upon the shoulders of those who have gone before us. There is a difference between slavishly copying what has been done and using the past as a ladder to the future.

Let us hope that out of the present use of Romanesque, Byzantine and particularly Gothic there will develop a second renaissance, better suited to ecclesiastical architecture than the first because its prototypes are Christian rather than pagan.

HAROLD WILLIAM RAMBUSCH.

ESTIMATES OF MEXICO

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Something can be done to bridge over the gulf between Church and state in Mexico and assistance from Catholics in the United States is practical I believe (I am referring to your editorial comment, Estimates of Mexico, appearing in your issue of September 4). Moreover, there is, at this time, I think, a good opportunity to do something.

The presidential opposition candidate, Señor Vasconcelos, has promised to settle the controversy in question and I believe that if he is given the chance, he is more likely to do something than any man I know of, because the best elements of Mexico, according to the best of my knowledge, are solidly with him.

Of course, some Catholics will take little stock in such a pledge, believing that Señor Vasconcelos is as much of an anti-clerical as some past statements of his would lead one to believe. True, he has been guilty in the past of anti-clerical utterances, but not being a fool or a coward (or a good-willer) he has outgrown his provincial prejudices and has been brought to realize the injustice of the Church-state controversy. At a meeting at International House which I attended, held some

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time in January of last year, he made the statement publicly that he could see no constitutional foundation for the so-called religious laws of Mexico. Equally outspoken was the opening speech of his campaign, delivered at Nogales, Sonora, on November 10 of last year, before the makeshift settlement with the Church, from which I quote in part. (I may add that I can vouch for the authenticity of the text although this portion was not printed in the Mexican papers):

". . . And only by breaking away from this circle of hatred, only by initiating ourselves into a new dispensation of concord, shall we be able to broach painful situations like the religious, which for years has been tearing the entrails of the country. To feel hatred for a question of supernatural creeds or to impose laws which provoke rebellions for reasons of worship is something so unheard of, so barren and unsocial, that nowadays none of the civilized peoples of the earth—nor even the uncivilized—carry to sanguinary extremes questions which transcend human reason itself. And only a strange satanic aberration can plunge us into this struggle which must be terminated and which it is easy not to kindle again. To begin, let us proclaim the simple truth that fanaticism is combated with books, not with machine guns. Let us also proclaim the truth that it is the duty of the state to act as mediator in conflicts of all fanaticisms rather than to embrace any one of them. Next and as a condition indispensable to discuss the question, we should recall and feel that the Catholics are our brothers and that it is treason to the fatherland to go on exterminating them. Let us consider also that the reform laws contain irrevocable principles, such as the separation of Church and state and the freedom of worship, but they also contain other precepts which are police power regulations, subject to change according to the time and the occasion.

"Certain more recent provisions, such as that which refers to the denial of the right to teach, are perhaps explained as a reprisal of war following close upon the intervention of the clergy in favor of Victoriano Huerta, but they cannot endure in a normal régime because they are contrary to justice and to the custom of civilized nations this without exception whatever, because not even in Russia, of all experiments, was the extreme reached in which we are now placed, an exaggeration which has led us to the spectacle of the privilege which, at the Catholic's expense, the Protestant has been gaining, whose institutions multiply as Catholic schools are closed and at the same time that thousands of Catholics emigrate or have to conceal their practices . . ."

Señor Vasconcelos's campaign has been eminently successful. He has gone about speaking directly, fearlessly, not only of politics but also of more important matter—moral values. Lapidary phrases have again and again fallen from his lips and his words have found a responsive echo among all classes. To judge from the numberless political clubs of students, workmen, women, in short, of people of all kinds and conditions, which have come out for him, from the enthusiastic receptions, not prearranged, accorded him wherever he has gone, one would infer that his election is assured.

Although he is confident of the votes of a large majority, however, he is not equally confident of the ballots. The "gang," despite the President's attitude, which this time is truly commendable, is using every means in its power to get Ortiz Rubio elected, although as a candidate he is disqualified, not having resided in Mexico one continuous year before the election, as provided by law. Pressure has been brought to bear on the press, forcing Señor Vasconcelos to discontinue his contributions to El Universal (which were the most important source of his income). The local authorities, the representatives and senators, have come out solidly against Vasconcelos and, since the first will watch over the elections and Congress will have to declare officially the results, one knows what to expect. It is only a national upheaval, a tremendous demonstration of the people's power that is likely to intimidate the "gang" into allowing a fair election.

Possibly the weight of international public opinion could be brought to bear at this juncture, interesting the American people by an impartial, objective presentation of the coming election and of its significance. There is a chance, we believe, to accomplish something, and we should like to enlist especially the aid of Catholics. They, of all groups in the United States, seem to have shown the greatest sympathy for, and understanding of, Mexico. There is no telling how much can be done, but unless my knowledge of Mexico stands me in poor stead, there is a fair chance that results will exceed our expectations. An active, well-directed publicity campaign (and by publicity I do not mean propaganda) in this country may be the deciding factor in the issue.

E. R. Pineda,
Chairman, Non-Partizan Mexican Election Committee.

AMERICA "X" EUROPE

Providence, R. I.

To the Editor:—In The Commonweal for August 28 Mr. John Carter, in his article, America "X" Europe, tosses the charge of "propaganda" against those who "fail to take into account the fact that Europe is our best customer." A previous article by the same author, entitled Our Orphaned Investments, in The Commonweal for July 10, caused the writer to suspect that Mr. Carter was not only a propagandist but a paid propagandist, and then noting that he is "associated with the State Department in Washington," it was easy to believe that he was a government-paid propagandist. There were government-paid propagandists during the war period who told the people of the United States that they were deprived by German submarines of the sacred privilege of sending goods to England and France which were not paid for, which never can be paid for and which those in power must have known never would be permitted to be paid for; and there is no reason to believe that government-paid propaganda must be restricted to war periods.

In a communication in The Commonweal of August 7, the writer referred to the article of July 10 in which Mr. Carter said regarding the war debts: "So far not even the most far-sighted of foreign observers has suggested the very simple and obvious conclusion that we do not want these investments repaid, either in goods or in cash," and the writer asked "Why doesn't John Carter, as one associated with the State Department in Washington, make the direct statement that we do not want these investments repaid?" And that gentleman has disdained to answer.

The continued investment of American capital in Europe is sought to be encouraged in America "X" Europe, and Mr. Carter closes his article in these words: "The result of their coöperation will be neither the enslavement of Europe nor the subordination of America that the political mathematicians profess to fear, but the multiplication of each other's resources in the mysterious and fruitful manner symbolized by the letter 'x.'"

The reply to such men as John Carter is made by the directors of the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, thus:

"They maintain that this country normally has an output

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about 15 or 20 percent in excess of all it consumes of its own products and of those of other countries combined, and that its prosperity depends on permanently sending this surplus abroad as a money profit. If this argument is valid, it follows that the only way that all the nations of the earth can be prosperous at the same time is by disposing of the world's surplus over an air line to Mars, or to some other planet that must be forced to bear the burden of this world's superabundance."

"Figures don't die," so America "X" Europe is written in terms of mathematics; but, in like terms, substituting "Mars" for "x," we have it that America and Europe must both prosper by "the multiplication of each other's resources in the mysterious and fruitful manner symbolized by a line to Mars!"

M. P. CONNERY.

ACTION THROUGH EDUCATION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Dean Fitzpatrick's paper made me look backward, not forward. It provoked me to introspection and retrospection. During five years of graduate work, I came in contact with a score of professors whom I studied as I studied my books. In few did I find the desired combination of deep scholarship, inspiring teaching ability, fluent writing style and an ambition to influence others in the field of letters. Some of my preceptors were broad and some were narrow, some were deep and some were shallow. One always spoke with dogmatic finality, another was a weather vane, borrowing opinions and knowledge from others. Some were pioneers, others were anchored to ideas hopelessly antiquated with matter and manner. One set standards sluggishly low, another stifled constructive effort by standards impossibly high. Possibly five or six, without intent or knowledge, gave me helpful hints and genuine inspiration. Not one ever tried to measure my mental equipment or to show me how to sharpen my intellect or increase my knowledge, by personal, direct interest. They did not lack time or talent, they seemed to lack inclination or initiative or incentive.

Now I am not Achilles nor Icarus nor Sisyphus. Because of native talent and compelling circumstances, I have met success in my chosen field, but as I look back, I wonder if graduate work gave me much more than the degree. For the degree was granted not so much for broad knowledge and balanced judgment as for patient industry in a limited section of a small subject and consistent presence at lectures. Perhaps this explains in part, why doctorate dissertations are frequently swan songs and why there is so little action through education.

Another obstacle to short-sighted scholars is the slow and rather indefinite reaction to their efforts. By comparison, rude tabloid editors, unscrupulous cinema producers, pagan novelists, zeitgeist writers on science and philosophy and clever advertising men seem to make a deeper, even if less permanent, impression on the mind and manner of the masses. Even foundations for the relief of poverty and disease meet with more tangible success because they deal with ills that are in good part physical, whereas intellectual improvement demands coöperation and good-will.

The most important task in securing action through education is the choice of the personnel of a committee to select, supervise and encourage graduate teachers. If grade and high school teachers have to pass difficult tests in content and method, why should college and graduate teachers be chosen solely on their scholastic record without proven ability to impart knowledge and inspire study?

There are men and women devoted to their subject, endowed with creative genius, dynamic energy and contagious enthusiasm and above all generous with their knowledge, who can galvanize into action the young minds of kindred spirits, on whom the continuance of the movement will depend. The best proof of their presence among us is the publication of two text-books in the recent past. One, on literature, came from a scholar on the Pacific coast, whose writings have always impressed and inspired me; the other, on history, was written by a younger man whose pen, I hope, will remain active for many a day to come. Many more could and would write if proper encouragement were given. All of us are apt to become lazy and indifferent and to lose initiative if we are not given an incentive to realize our ideals. My hope and prayer is that graduate school regents and professors will see the possibilities at their doorsteps and ask themselves honestly whether they are doing their best to saturate American life with a sane, sober and solid Catholic philosophy of life.

PETER S. CREED.

NAVAL PARITY

Allston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The practice of parity is more to the point than its principle.

Unless obsolescence progress more rapidly in the larger of the two navies, how shall the mere lapse of time bring about equality of naval strength between England and the United States?

If we take, let us say, two columns exactly alike in every respect but height, we shall find but three methods of overcoming that difference:

1. Destroy such excess.
2. Transfer one-half the excess from one to the other column.
3. Build up the shorter column.

Time is not a factor in choosing the method nor is it a considerable factor in carrying it out. A clear understanding between the parties is the first need. There must be a meeting of the minds.

Does parity mean equality in naval strength? What does the "principle of parity" mean?

"Time was, ere these degenerate days had been" when a word was the vehicle of an idea; it is now the obstacle—thought has come to a standstill, the vehicle has become overloaded with incongruous meanings and is broken down—a man now uses such overloaded words when he does not know his own mind or when he is striving to conceal his meaning.

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

WHEN CATHOLICS TALK

Nahant, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Bixel blames the English Catholic authorities for asking certain questions of the candidates in the recent elections, on the ground that it would be looked on as a "political threat," and was bad salesmanship.

As for the latter, if there is anything for which English Catholics are remarkable, it would seem to be their success in making converts, especially among the intellectual classes. For the former, when matters of importance affecting the Church are in question, Catholics have both the right and the duty to take them into consideration when voting. To do this, it is obviously necessary to know where the candidates stand.

JOSEPH DWIGHT.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Sea Gull

MANY consider Chekov's The Sea Gull his finest play. It was presented last year in a modest but convincing fashion by a group of coöperative players and brought a deserved round of applause from the critics. Drapes were used instead of scenery and the cast was distinctly uneven in quality of performance. But even with these handicaps, this tragedy of self-centeredness moved on with oppressive beauty and clear pity. This year we have a full-scale production of the play at Miss Le Gallienne's theatre, and can begin to catch in full measure the overtones which make it a memorable piece in stage literature.

As we find so frequently in the work of supposedly great realists, The Sea Gull suffers from a declining spiritual tempo. Instead of bringing out the one true realism of life as experience shows it to us—that disintegration and resurrection are both forces constantly at work—it plays the chords of decay too loudly and too often, leaving the notes of rebirth to be carried weakly and tremulously. As in an eclipse of the sun, we see only the pale fires of the corona, so the plays of Chekov leave us with the false and dim illumination from spiritual forces mostly hidden. A moment of eclipse is real, without question, but not in the universal sense that it carries the major truths of light and darkness in the physical world. The Sea Gull fails equally to carry the full interplay of spiritual light and shadow in human lives. It is a masterly description of a moment, but not a masterly comment on life in its impassioned strivings.

Miss Le Gallienne's production of the play, on the other hand, reaches something far beyond the hopes of even her devoted well-wishers. We sense at last the full purpose behind her long and arduous work in developing a company in which no one is a star, and in which each contributes to a perfected ensemble. Musicians know that it takes two to three years to develop a true ensemble even within a chamber-music quartette.

The same is equally true of a theatrical group. Such delicious effects as Miss Le Gallienne obtained last year in The Lady from Alfaqueque, or the poignancy which she wrings from even the most trivial moments of The Sea Gull are not the result of inspired direction but of infinite pains and constant readjustment of human values among a group of actors constantly playing together.

Miss Le Gallienne's own very expert playing of the love-starved Masha, the lovely Josephine Hutchinson's fragile portrait of Nina and Paul Leyssac's aged Sorin (the man who never did any of the things he wanted to do in life) are all excellent bits of acting, but their greatest value comes from their perfect modulation into the general tonal scheme. The new members of the company, Jacob Ben-Ami and Merle Maddern, finding themselves at once in this atmosphere, drop naturally into the parts assigned to them, as two or three new players might be added to an orchestra. Ben-Ami's Trigorin is one of the best things I have ever seen him do, and Miss Maddern as the possessive and addle-pated actress-mother of the unhappy Konstantin gives real strength to what is certainly a key character of the play. Robert Ross as Konstantin rounds out the ensemble with an intense and understanding portrayal of the young writer whose suicide closes the cycle of the play. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

Sweet Adeline

WHETHER or not you join the general chorus of eager acclaim for Sweet Adeline, Arthur Hammerstein's musical romance of the gay nineties, depends entirely on your attitude toward the last days of the last century. If you love them for their outrageous costumes, their gingerbread exterior, their subtle dignity, their bouncing energy, their perfumed hypocrisies, their sweeping sentimentality and their relative simplicity, and if, above all, you love them for the particular expression of these qualities in New York (as against, let us say, Boston or Chicago) then you will find Sweet Adeline an evening of incomparable delight. Jerome Kern's music, in both orchestration and melody, without proclaiming itself his masterpiece, gives rich satisfaction. Every production detail has been lavishly provided, and several individual performances are rare indeed. You cannot easily be bored unless your own mood is momentarily hay-wire, or unless your feeling toward the nineties is just one of polite repugnance.

Among the featured players in Sweet Adeline are Helen Morgan, Violet Carlson, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth and Robert Chisholm. There are several others on the long list, but these five actually deserve a few words of honest discussion—and could anything be rarer in musical plays nowadays? Violet Carlson is the small clown type, quite delicious in her exuberance, but with a true comedy sense which knows how to break through the clowning for furtive moments to give a telling touch of sincerity. Helen Morgan faces the handicap of a carefully built up reputation. She conspicuously lacks variety of method. She is thoroughly interesting only in the plaintive songs under spotlight when she can draw down her mouth until the lips tremble, and make you believe that of all living beings she is the most bravely unhappy. In the present case, her work frequently becomes monotonous.

Irene Franklin—grand person that she is—brings the needed touch of the older school, one which has so few competent successors among the youngsters. You can say—quite meaninglessly—that Miss Franklin has abundant personality. But that is not the whole story of the school I refer to. Behind the personality stands a true sense of authority, of being larger than the job in hand, of having such a complete command of the stage situation and of the audience that gestures, intonations and nuances at once become larger and more effective. Artists of this school know how to time their effects perfectly simply because they are willing to take time. They are unhurried, and for that reason never slow.

Robert Chisholm deserves mention for no other reason than that he has what is probably one of the finest high baritone voices on the musical stage today. His acting is self-conscious and stiff and gives the unfortunate impression of self-satisfaction. But you forgive him this and more when he sings. Probably the supreme artist of the lot is Charles Butterworth. He is the Charlie Chaplin of the speaking stage: a small, pathetic figure with mouse-colored hair and round, vacant eyes, who can, with the most deadly serious face, utter the most complete nonsense in a way that stings with satire. Behind the mask of dumbness is an intelligence that observes with merciless acumen; and, having observed, knows how to sum up a whole race of men in a gesture. If there were not half a dozen good reasons for thinking Sweet Adeline one of the best musical plays in many moons, Charles Butterworth would be a sufficient reason in himself. (At Hammerstein's Theatre.)

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BOOKS

Business and Civilization

Frontiers of Trade, by Julius Klein. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

THE author of this work has been for several years director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in the United States Department of Commerce. During these years he has been closely associated with Herbert Hoover, who supplies a foreword for the present work.

Dr. Klein is quite enthusiastic over the contributions to modern civilization of business and the business man. "One wonders," he writes, "what would have been the fate of latent genius in all the fields of art and letters throughout the ages had it not been for the continued and still continuing patronage of these 'mercenary magnates' whom the present-day literati delight to lampoon." And so on through the introduction and the interesting chapter on Commerce and Civilization. Business has exploited backward peoples, but that was generally due to the governmental or political forces with which it was allied. Business is carried on in ways more honest and just since it has "emerged from the darkness of mediaevalism." In fact everything dark, mysterious, backward and semi-civilized is mediaeval to Dr. Klein.

If one is to see business genius at its best, one is to look to these United States "where we can pay the American workman two or three times as much as our competitors, and yet undersell our rivals in the market of the world. This has been made possible . . . particularly through the natural flowering of national genius and character." At this stage one pictures Dr. Klein bowing low before an admiring world and awaiting the applause of the competing nations. A large part of the praise of American business genius is justified, but a little less of it would do. So too, in his appraisal of the contributions of commerce to civilization, Dr. Klein is so lavish in his allotment of credit to trade that one is left with little to say in behalf of priest, scholar and explorer.

There is a lack of critical evaluation of certain performances of the United States in the field of world trade. Dr. Klein walks the "straight and narrow" to avoid the controversial issues of domestic politics. The value of his judgment on certain phases of international trade is impaired by his too careful regard for the pet theories of those politicians who believe the American tariff policy has been divinely revealed to Payne, Aldrich, Fordney, McCumber, Hawley and Smoot. It is, according to Dr. Klein, a grave difficulty when European tariff schedules are subject to change by the issuance of executive decrees, but there is evidently no possibility of difficulty with the so-called "flexible provisions" of our own tariffs, past and present. All the annoying details of tariff administration in Europe came in for a very just condemnation, but only passing notice without condemnation is given to the Fordney-McCumber Act which provides that foreign goods may be denied entry into this country unless the American Treasury Department is allowed to examine the books of the exporters to ascertain the costs of production. True this clause has recently been slightly modified because of the protests of the French government. One wonders, too, what such an able authority as Dr. Klein really thinks of our own tariff barriers to trade set up to protect such lusty infants of industry as the steel and aluminum interests.

The work is well worth a careful reading. The style is good and quite free of the technical verbiage which makes more dismal the reading of most works in the dismal science of economics. There are numerous highly interesting and often amusing accounts of activities in the field of world trade. The chapters on certain phases of the work of the Department of Commerce deserve special praise. For some of this activity, however, we should penitently ask forgiveness of the civilized world; the following passage is offered in explanation: "What becomes of the old-fashioned phonograph horns—those lovely pale blue or radiant crimson and gold morning-glory contraptions? . . . They [the makers of phonograph horns] bombarded the Department of Commerce with requests for outlets overseas, and it was not long before careful searching in the newly prospering oil districts in Latin America and rubber plantations of the far East revealed an abundance of extra wages combined with not too sensitive and discriminating ears for music which soon provided the desired outlet. Today those glorified horns of plenty are piercing the quiet jungles and workmen's barracks in the tropics all around the world." Dr. Klein does not cite this as an example of the civilizing influence of business.

The learned author should meet a few professors socially and professionally; he might get to like them, he might even come to respect them.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

Machine Idealism

The American Omen, by Garet Garrett. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

A VOLUMINOUS sensibility is a matter of the soul and can produce a great poet or saint or philosopher. A voluminous industry is, according to Mr. Garrett's way of thinking, a matter of overproduction and ought to make a nation prosperous. This doctrine of overproduction in big business is the theme of The American Omen, and the presentation of it offers little or no challenge to the modern mind. We are all now familiar with the case: about twenty-five years ago American industry, trammeled by a bizarre European philosophy of utilitarianism, adopted the theory that high wages were limited only by inferior productivity of labor and that profit should be pure surplus. There resulted the modern business phenomena of combining the processes of manufacture, of rapid turnover in production, of profits, of higher wages, of higher consumption power, and of a higher standard of living.

Yet Mr. Garrett does not consider all that of which, despite the socialness of modern business, standardization and industrial education have bereft modern man. He belittles the fact that our souls are imperiled as we tame the wild energies of gas and electricity, compounded in machines; but the fact remains that statistical standards of existence are spiritually crippling to the vitality of men. If nationhood is to produce choice, distinctive, and "racy" individuals, as Salvador de Madariaga holds, we on the contrary would sell that birthright to business for its mess of pottage. But Mr. Garrett tells us that the machines of big business must be kept going at ideal capacity; we must not retard them because if we do, the cost of production will rise and goods will be more expensive. Business must be guided by the scientific control of economic circumstances.

Well, we attempt to be scientific nowadays. And, although a serious situation in cotton developed early this year, we have decreased strikes and lock-outs and improved the standards of living of industrial employees. But Mr. Garrett admits that there is no profit in industry as a whole and says that the profit-makers are the low-cost producers; wherewith his argu-

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ment for overproduction, or the increased power of per capita production, falls flat. Why overproduce if there is to be no profit anyway?

The book, with all its clipped dogmatism, is written—much more powerfully than appears on its surface—in the spirit of those advertisements of certain bakeries which say: "Eat More Bread." It is a clarion appeal for consumption, perhaps over-consumption, as alone yielding satisfaction; and while few moderns, save impoverished Orientals or Arabs or suppressed Jews like things done with stint, a more economical frame of mind might befit modern business. The old virtues of self-control, of decreasing one's wants to increase one's satisfactions, have gone, and in their stead is the sophist cry of modern big business (when it is not too conscientious) to make the worse appear the better reason.

We may not have become from standardization and mass production the mindless automata that some prophets of doom heralded, but our free will has been noticeably diminished. A good many of us seem not to mind machines, and we have not been rendered unamiable by them, whether they are cars or planes. But as for overproduction, it bears about as much relation to the satisfactions of life, which depend upon a voluminous sensibility, as the tuning of a piano does to the playing of a masterpiece.

JAMES W. LANE, JR.

Mr. Belloc Converses

A Conversation with an Angel and Other Essays, by Hilaire Belloc. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

A CONVERSATION WITH AN ANGEL has, perhaps, the most beguiling title of this collection, but in point of fact it is scarcely the most beguiling essay. For starting with the sun-dial angel at Chartres, Mr. Belloc trots off in a vein of characteristic irony—not to say hilarity—to dispose of sun-dial mottoes in general. It is all of a "most ingenious wit"; but somehow, neither wit nor even a quite exquisite irony seems sufficient for a subject so steeped in poetry, in fancy, in pathos. Nor is it sufficient for so rich a topic as, for instance, Poverty. But how triumphant is the play of this particular Belloc brand of irony, with its pitiless precision, its neighborly malice, its apt allusiveness, when it gallops into a discussion of Epigrams, or of Academic Hate, of Speech-Making or that "gratuitous, cheerful and complete mendacity" which he charitably charges up to The Creative Muse! And in such an achievement—if there be quite such another in captivity—as Getting Rid of People, it is at once devastating and enchanting.

There is prodigious learning not displayed but implied in the little essay entitled If; in Gibbon; in the suggestive paper on Translation. Mr. Belloc can imply a whole philosophy of criticism while conversing about the books he does not intend to read or the authors who "get right into the souls of people who do not interest" him. He implies something still more fundamental in attacking false historians—the fault of not understanding "the spiritual state of those whom one describes" —and the modern fetish of false or half-baked "science," with "other magical words divorced from reason and used as talismans" first by journalists, then by the man in the street.

Altogether, one knows this is the sort of book the author has enjoyed writing: and luckily for us, joy is contagious. He enjoyed that sudden vision of sky, of sea, of waterfall, which ends his talk on Laughter. He enjoyed the insouciance of refusing to verify a quotation because "the weather has turned fine again and I am in no mood for research." Particularly must he have enjoyed disposing of the literary seer who announced that the world would end next summer, by his terse conclusion—"I don't believe it. It is too good to be true."

But in a very different mood has he approached the concluding essay on A Remaining Christmas. It is just the description of the Christmas feast as it is still kept in an old English home by an English Catholic family, with all its wealth of traditional piety and mirth and good-fellowship. So vivid is the gospel of the day that Mr. Belloc lets it do its own preaching, with merely a hint of joy that such things could be, of pain that such things should be allowed to slip away from mankind. It is by far the simplest thing in the book, the most beautiful, the one which he has himself felt most deeply. And by the same token it is the one any sensitive reader will feel most deeply, too.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

A Fine First Novel

Laughing Boy, by Oliver La Farge. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THE Navajo Indians of the Southwest are creators of beautiful things—Navajo blankets, fine pottery, jewelry for both horse and man in hammered silver studded with turquoise. And, fittingly, the word "beauty" runs like a strong warp through the Navajo songs, those stately prayers and paeans addressed to the spirits that watch over the earth. Thunder is "the voice that beautifies the land." In the Daylight Songs the word is echoed again and again. In the Protection Song there is "the beautiful trail of old age"; in the Mountain Song "On a trail of beauty with a god I walk"; and at the end of each of the exquisite hymns, the Night Chants, there comes the repeated cry, "In beauty it is finished . . . . In beauty it is finished."

As I turned the last page of this glorious novel by Oliver La Farge, that refrain hung with me, an indelible motif. The book is a story of two Navajo lovers on the trail of beauty; the young man an almost idealized type of primitive, his young wife as fine a type as he, but tarnished by her past as the result of six years in schools under American "guardianship." Their successful struggle to lead the calm true life of their people comes to a dramatic climax after the husband discovers that a white man has continued in his wife's life through the two years of their idyllic marriage. That is a hint of the plot. But the plot, fine as it is, does not matter vitally in this book.

What really makes this one of the most significant first novels of our generation is its accurate and sympathetic portrayal of Indian life; its simple style adapted with perfect harmony to the naive speech and the rhythm of existence of the Navajos; its rare insight into the beauties in the soul of the most essentially spiritual human being in North America, the Indian. This book is a poem in prose based on the realities, instead of the usual bizarre fictions, of those who find life good in smoky hogans, in racing horses, in planting a bit of corn and tending some sheep. And above this artful picture of a nomadic, pastoral people, so little understood by our age, there looms the romance of two tragic lovers, haunting the imagination and touching the heart with strange, sweet sadness. So beautiful and noble is their tale that, in my memory at least, the company of Romeo and Juliet has now been joined by Laughing Boy and Slim Girl.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

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Artless Fragrance

Who Then Is This Man?, by Mélanie Marnas; translated by Henry Longan Stuart. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

THERE is a certain realism as well as naturalness characterizing this book, which is not at all compendious but is a story told succinctly and in a spirit of reverence and faith.

It is not metaphysics, it is not theology, and the critical method of treatment is almost entirely lacking. The chief motive of the author seems to have been to re-create the times of Our Lord, and to make Him live for us as the human yet divine Saviour. We see Him as the Jesus of flesh and blood moving about among His Disciples, the pharisees, and the multitudes whom He addressed and with whom He freely mingled.

The author is a French writer, and her style, while not as we say "journalistic," still is realistic. The narrative moves rapidly as she follows Our Lord through His public ministry on to His sacrificial death and resurrection. The narrative palpitates with feeling and sympathy, and after reading the book through, and particularly the last vivid chapter, Marvel on Marvel, the reader is inclined to agree with the translator, the late Henry Longan Stuart: "It was a woman, her heart aflame with love and sorrow, who once poured the balm of her ointment on the Saviour's feet and hair. It is a woman, one feels convinced after closing Who Then Is This Man?, who has given us the most artless and fragrant story of the Redemption that ever came from a believing heart."

Here certainly is a very beautiful and reverential tribute of a devout woman to the Christ. It deserves a wide reading, and both scholar and ordinary layman will find the book fascinating. It may not be the greatest of biographies, but it is truly a valuable contribution to the world's Christological literature. That it makes Our Lord live, and His times real, and increases one's faith, is perhaps the greatest tribute of appreciation that we can give to it. Its erudition, we believe, while not obtrusive, will be discerned by the scholar. The treatment of chronology is interesting and well-reasoned. A wide knowledge of Jewish lore adds to the contour of a chronicle deftly rearranged.

There are certain "high spots" in the book that lift and inspire the soul. The chapter Hosannah makes Our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem as real and vivid as the portrayal of a thrilling, climactic incident in a modern novel. Also, The Farewell Supper, Anguish and Agony, The Tragic Day, are written with remarkable faithfulness to detail and reveal an intimate knowledge as well as sympathy.

The author has arranged an orderly, logical sequence of events in the life of Christ without doing injury to the Four Gospels; in fact, she has skilfully constructed a "synoptic gospel" that includes Saint John and Saint Mark.

A. LONGFELLOW FISKE.

How to Teach Souls

Aims and Methods in Teaching Religion, by John K. Sharp. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.75.

THIS is an effort to bring together comprehensively a great deal of information regarding the aims and methods of teaching religion, and more particularly, of the catechism. The author in his preface describes rather accurately his purpose and his accomplishment: "In some respects the book breaks new ground, and therefore is offered with some timidity. Every beginning is difficult, and the author is painfully aware of defects in an attempt that should engage our very best minds. He has gathered his materials from many sources, and has found gold in unexpected places. Consequently, little that is original will be found in these pages, except the attempt to gather in one place the best that has been said upon this subject by competent authorities."

The book is divided into four parts: The Field of Religion Methods; Aims in Teaching Religion; The Child to Whom We Teach Religion; and The Tools of Teaching Religion. Readers will be especially interested in the first two parts and particularly in the second which is perhaps the best part of the book. The least satisfactory part of the book is that one which is called The Tools of Teaching Religion, where the lesson plans are made to fit into the mold of the Herbartian steps, and where there is no critical evaluation of the dubious graphic illustrations which are so freely given in the book.

The great service of this book is the fact that it brings together from a great range of sources a great deal of knowledge about the teaching of religion. The reader himself must make an appraisal of this material.

The writer does not wish to be listed among those who condemn the catechetical methods in the catechism. The review of the history of the catechism is interesting because of the emphasis on the fact that it is a book that was originally intended for the teacher, and its form consequently is too abstract and too condensed for children. It is therefore an epitome and needs to be supplemented.

"It is," says Father Sharp, "therefore freely admitted that of itself the catechism is not suited to the image-loving, sense-minded and wondering child." Consequently, there must be both prior devices and supplementary material. So the process of making the catechism the be-all and end-all of instruction, its sole content and the memorization of it the net result is condemned by inference if not by direct statement.

Father Sharp expects that others will come along and build on his foundation, for he says, among other things, "more questions have been raised than answered." The book is therefore a useful compendium, and serves the purpose of making way for a more critical and pedagogically sounder discussion.

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK.

The New Italian Bible

La Sacra Bibbia. Firenze: Libreria Editrice Fiorentina. 30 lire.

THE credit for this publication goes to the famous Opera Cardinal Ferrari which is now in Italy a tremendous force for Catholic Action. There is hardly any social activity that the company has not taken under its wings. It operates schools, shops, hotels, asylums for all human miseries; it sponsors pilgrimages, educational tours, summer resorts, athletic events; it has introduced a new and very effective method of missions; and, finally, it is engaged in a vast movement of propaganda through the printed word by means of two daily papers, many weeklies, magazines and circulating libraries.

The most ambitious effort of the Cardinal Ferrari in the publishing line is, of course, the production of the new Italian Bible. It is "new" because the version has been made ex novo and also because no Italian Bible had been published so far in this particular form—under Catholic auspices. The only complete Catholic Bible in Italian which has had a somewhat wide distribution is that translated and annotated by Monsignor A. Martini, archbishop of Florence, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. But no edition was available except in

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many volumes and with great abundance of notes, some of them not quite in keeping with modern views. Besides, the language of the Martini version, though quite "pure," sounds a little stilted to modern ears. I must add that many editions of the Latin Vulgate have been available in Italy (any educated Italian would be able to use them) and that partial vernacular translations have been quite numerous—those of the New Testament in particular.

The new version has been made by six priests and one layman, under the general direction of the Reverend Giovanni Castoldi, following a policy outlined in the short preface: "This version is from the Latin text of the Vulgate, except in those passages where the Vulgate fails to correspond to the Hebrew or Greek original; in such cases the original has been followed in the body of the translation and the text translated from the Vulgate has been given in a footnote."

I feel confident that Bible scholars will find the result not only beautiful for its language and style but important in the exegetical sense. There is in it a remarkable unity in spite of its multiple authorship and the consideration which has been given the separate literary categories of the original books. I mean that the classical poetry of the Psalms, for instance, and the simple narrative of the Synoptics are properly rendered with a different language tonality. Not all other versions have paid attention to this (which seems to me the case with our current Douay-Rheims text) though the necessity for it, of course, is a question of literary taste.

The experts will in time appraise the new Bible's exegetical value. I think it exhibits a tendency toward a liberality of interpretation—I mean that it seems to take advantage of all the latitude allowed by strict orthodoxy. This is especially evident in the footnotes, which, in the main, are of an interpretative character rather than a pious comment, to which latter purpose are generally directed Dr. Challoner's notes in our current English editions. The needs of the present day are perhaps better served by the Italian Bible's method.

ALBERT R. BANDINI.

One Plea for Spiritualism

Mysteries of the Soul, by Richard Müller Freienfels; translated from the German by Bernard Miall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

THIS, as the author tells us, is not a systematic treatise, but rather a series of essays dealing with questions of the soul. Of these essays the first, which he calls a chapter of metaphysics, is in many respects the best worked out and the most interesting. For the formula, "Man has a soul," he would substitute, "Man is a soul." And as to the nature of the soul he goes back, he tells us, to primitive man and the pre-Cartesian philosophy to identify the soul with life. This, he recognizes, is a reversion to Aristotle, and he is even willing to use the word, "entelechy," meaning thereby "something which contains an aim within itself, a purposive, unitary process."

He is evidently very close to the concept of the formal cause, but does not quite grasp it. Therefore he thinks of life as a force, not in the mechanical sense, but in the sense of a cause, as, in fact, "the unitary cause which we must accept for the formation and maintenance of an organism." Yet the soul is "not a *thing,* but a *happening,* a continuity of activities of an extremely complicated kind." Here the concept of the formal cause seems to fade out into a mere echo of Bergson.

Aristotle, moreover, would refuse to go with him in his

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interpretation of the soul and life "not in the individual sense, but in a super-individual and cosmic sense." "Our soul is part of a mighty stream, concerning which we know not whence it comes, nor where it goes; we only know that it is flowing onward." This interpretation gives to his metaphysics a pantheistic tinge. He does not, however, seem to identify God with the universe; but he considers Him rather as the "epitome of highest values," and believes that God should be sought "not in the beginning of the world, but in the future; so that God *is* not, but is *becoming*." This, of course, is not original. We have been introduced to this vaguely outlined God of the anti-intellectualists some time ago.

There is some acute criticism in the essays on the psychology of evolution, and the psychology of childhood and youth. A chapter on the psychology of civilization, under the striking caption of The Americanization of the Soul, tells us that there is taking place in Europe "a disindividualization of life," under the influence of what he finds to be the characteristics of America: "a tendency to produce quantity rather than quality, a tendency toward mathematical, abstract, inorganic form, and a conspicuous uniformity."

In contrast with the other essays the last chapter, which treats of the religion of the future, exemplifies criticism by the use of epithets. "Myth" and "magic" dispose of the dogmas and sacraments of the Christian religion. The author is persuaded that religion of some kind there must be in human life. But he is displeased with Christianity and he outlines as a substitute what he ventures to predict will be the religion of the future. This will also have its myth and its magic, but always in subservience to "science." And at the gaps in "science's" knowledge of the universe, the reverence of the new religion will come in and adore—he does not say what.

JOHN F. MCCORMICK.

Boker Redivivus

Nydia, by George Henry Boker. $2.00; Sonnets, by George Henry Boker. $2.00. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER is one of those curious and neglected writers who did what they could for American literature prior to the Civil War, got little or no attention from the reigning New England group, and lived with more bohemianism than their age sanctioned. As a matter of fact, Boker's lyrics were inspired chiefly by love affairs outside the pale; and one realizes with something like a shock that a seemingly modern artistic indulgence dates badly even in these United States. The Sonnets, which Mr. Edward Sculley Bradley has unearthed from hitherto closeted manuscripts, present a long sequence obviously patterned on Shakespeare. Their value lies chiefly in the knowledge they afford of Boker's psychology, but individual passages have a genuine, though possibly a somewhat rhetorical appeal.

Nydia is a drama in blank verse, concerned with a blind Greek slave and other folk who lived in Pompeii during the year 79. Granted the somewhat "classic" contour of the subject, which could not possibly mean to Americans of fifty years ago what it would have meant to Shakespeare's contemporaries, Boker manages surprisingly well. The narrative is ably handled, the progress is swift, and the diction often glows with truly melodic feeling. Few poetic plays in our literature are more worth reading, and the editor deserves thanks for having dug it out and served it anew.

PAUL CROWLEY.

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Briefer Mention

Biblical Anthropology, by H. J. D. Astley. New York: The Oxford University Press. $4.50.

THE religious implications of anthropological science are attracting much attention, and will doubtless prove an important consideration in future apologetic. Dr. Astley's book is neither consecutive nor firm enough to invite full confidence, and of course his position is so radically different from our own that we should like to make a hundred points subjects of controversy. Even so, it is a well-informed, suggestive and fascinating book. Though the purpose is first of all to show how much of "early human tradition" is present in the Scriptures, the result is abundant evidence regarding the universality of fundamental religious intuitions. Dr. Astley has succeeded particularly well, one feels, in his discussion of rest days, religious dances and primitive sacramentalism. His subject is so important that the student ought, at least, to glance at this volume.

Nearer the Bone, by Charles A. Wagner. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $1.00.

INDIFFERENT editing has caused to be hidden among verses that remind one of polite valentines and greeting cards, wall mottoes and newspaper lyrics, those felicities of phrase, verse or stanza that are sometimes to be found in Mr. Wagner's writing. Although experimentation with theme and form result, in Mr. Wagner's hands, mainly in the commonplace, there are to be found in verses that more strictly adhere to the patterns and themes that are the conventions of poetry, a masculine concision of thought and image less widely estranged from the province of poetry than the tinkling strains to which most of these pages are devoted.

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